

The
RELIEF SOCIETY
MAGAZINE





Muted Hour

Catherine E. Berry

I who have sung of spring and Aprils gone,
Have woven words for magic found in May,
Put shining notes to beat of silver rain,
And lyric rhymes to praise the waking day,
Can find no words to limn this muted hour
Of hushed expectancy the earth now holds.
Though February's blue and quiet dusk
Is wrapped around with winter's frozen folds,
The first faint stirring of the coming spring
Was foretold in a wind that whispered by
A moment gone, and left the world as still
As if a miracle had touched the sky.

I who have sung of spring can find no word
To use for beauty felt — unseen, unheard.

The Cover: Grain Grinding Mill in Leiden, Holland

Photograph by Rinze Schippers

Submitted by Ada S. Van Dam

Frontispiece: Ponderosa Pines in the Aftermath of Storm

Photograph by Josef Muench

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

The Relief Society Magazine truly is an enjoyment and a blessing to receive. It brings joy and happiness to me, and, although it is a little *Magazine*, it contains worlds of enjoyment and knowledge. This verse expresses my thoughts:

Blessed are they who have the power and
gifts to make friends;
It involves the power of going out of
oneself
And appreciating whatever is noble and
loving in others.

This is just what *The Relief Society Magazine* does for me.

—Ruth A. Lyons
West Covina, California

I do enjoy reading all of *The Relief Society Magazine*. In fact, it makes a well-rounded education, all found within its pages, for me. When we are older, we need the *Magazine* to keep us posted and uplifted, just as we do when we are younger.

—Crysta B. Woodland
Brigham City, Utah

While reading the September issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, this sentiment came to me:

Not merely just a *Magazine*,
This publication women built
For others' help and happiness;
Though small, it's like a flawless gem
Expertly cut.

—Gene Romolo
Provo, Utah

I want to thank you for each wonderful issue of the *Magazine*. I am just a new bride and am so excited about going to Relief Society this fall. There is such an abundance of knowledge and worthwhile experiences to be shared.

—Jeanne Draper
Chico, California

Several months ago a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine* was presented to me by my cousin Fern Brockbank of Spanish Fork, Utah. Since I was born and reared in Pleasant Grove, Utah, you can imagine how much I appreciate the gift. It is the biggest little *Magazine* I have ever had the privilege of reading. The poems, especially, are outstanding, and the stories are so realistic of home life. The whole book is full of the kind of reading that it takes to make life beautiful.

—Jennie E. Waltenspiel
Hoquiam, Washington

I would like to write a few lines to tell how much we enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. My sister sends it to my mother, and she hands it on to us. It is a pleasure to read the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Arthur Leigh
Rudheath
North Northwich
England

It gives me great pleasure to take time to express my appreciation for the wonderful *Relief Society Magazine*, which was a present to me on my birthday from my daughter Rosalie. I look forward each month to receiving the *Magazine*, as I love to read the beautiful poems and inspiring teachings and interesting lessons.

—Mrs. Rose R. Stokes
Promontory, Utah

Words cannot express my appreciation for the *Relief Society Magazine*. I love it from cover to cover and always feel edified and encouraged after reading any part of it.

—Mrs. Charlotte M. Linder
Sacramento, California

I enjoy each *Magazine* immensely and read them all from cover to cover at least once. The stories, editorials, and lessons are helpful to me in my everyday life.

—Mrs. Maurine Marcum
Arimo, Idaho

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Sustaining the Authorities of the Church

Elder ElRay L. Christiansen

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

“**T**HOSE in favor will show it by raising their right hands—those opposed, if any, may manifest it by the same sign.” This expression is familiar to every member of the Church.

The First Presidency, consisting of three presiding high priests, a president who holds all the keys of the Priesthood, and two counselors, preside over all affairs and activities of the Church. They are assisted by Twelve Apostles, who, in turn, are aided by an unspecified number of high priests called Assistants to the Twelve, as well as by the First Council of Seventy. Also, laboring under the direction of the First Presidency are the Patriarch to the Church, the Presiding Bishopric, and the other general officers.

The General Authorities have Church-wide supervisory powers. In addition to the general officers, stake and mission authorities are appointed, sustained, and set apart, with jurisdiction limited to stake and mission affairs. In the same manner, branch officers are appointed to preside in Church affairs within the confines of their respective wards and branches.

The various offices in the Church exist “. . . for helps and for governments, for the work of the ministry and the perfecting of my saints” (D. & C. 124:143).

It should be remembered that the

ultimate power on earth to direct the affairs of the kingdom of God rests in only one person at a time. That person is the Prophet and President of the Church. He may delegate portions of this power to others and authorize them to act in a particular labor or office. Therefore, the president of a stake, the bishop of a ward, the president of a quorum, the president of a mission, and the president of a temple each receives from the President of the Church, directly or by delegation, the keys of that particular office and labor.

The extent of the official authority of any officer in the Church is limited to the unit or division or institution in which he has been called to serve. Each is subject to the direction of those holding higher authority. However, temple presidents and mission presidents are appointed by, and are responsible directly to the First Presidency.

The auxiliary organizations represent in their labor the President of the Church, and, as their name implies, are helps primarily to the President and, incidentally, to the Priesthood in the training and development of the members of the Church. When the names of the officers of the auxiliaries are presented to the membership assembled—whether it is general, stake, or ward—they are duly sustained by

the members of the organizations which they are called to direct.

No person can rightfully serve in any administrative position in the Church unless he has been so sustained by the people over whom he is to preside. The Lord has given us the way in which this is to be done.

He has revealed to us that it is the duty of presiding authorities to appoint and call; and then those whom they choose for any official position in the Church shall be presented to the body. If the body reject them, they are responsible for that rejection. They have the right to reject, if they will, or to receive them and sustain them by their faith and prayers. That is strictly in accordance with the rule laid down of the Lord (Pres. Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, page 188, 1920 edition).

WHEN, in assemblies of the saints, we are asked to sustain proposed officers in the Church, it is our right to express our true feelings. But, we should not question the wisdom and inspiration of those making the nominations, unless we know of facts that plainly indicate unworthiness on the part of the person nominated. It is not proper nor in order for any member to raise his hand to register opposition to a man who is called by proper authority simply because he has a personal dislike for him; because he has had some personal grievance, or for other inconsequential reasons.

The Latter-day Saints should feel grateful for the knowledge that, after its absence for many years, the authority to act in the name of God has been restored to man. This power was conferred upon the first officers of the Church by ordination under the hands of those who held the same power in earlier dispensa-

tions. The scriptures bear out the fact that, with the passing of the apostles of old, the authority of the holy Priesthood was to be taken from the earth, and that of necessity it would have to be restored from heaven before the Church could be re-established. The Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery were ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James, and John:

... who received the keys of Presidency on the Mount, and who, as the Presiding Council over the Primitive Church, last held the keys of the Higher Priesthood. Every right, authority and key was conferred upon the modern prophets, and they in turn ordained others for the benefit of the Church of Christ. (Widtsoe, "Studies in Priesthood," page 21).

Nowhere, other than in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, can men, in a few steps, trace to its origin, their authority to act in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Of this we do not boast, but we render unto the Lord our gratitude for the fact. Hence, when we have the privilege of raising our hands and voices to sustain those properly appointed, it should be done with thanksgiving in our hearts.

Not only is the right to sustain a fundamental and sacred right, but it is an important duty resting upon the members of the Church to uphold the authorities presiding over them. Merely raising the right hand does not fulfil this duty. It simply expresses a promise that the persons named will be sustained in deed and, in fact — that they will be defended against those who would defame them.

It is a very serious thing for any member of the Church to engage in criticism and raise his voice against the duly appointed leaders. To do so will lead to no good, but will make it easier for such a member to be persuaded by the ungodly. It points the way to unhappiness.

... There never should be a day pass but all the people composing the Church should lift up their voices in prayer to the Lord to sustain his servants who are placed to preside over them. . . . These men should have the faith of the people to sustain them in the discharge of their duties, in order that they may be strong in the Lord. . . .

We should not permit ourselves to go about from day to day with a spirit of murmuring and fault-finding in our hearts against those who are presented before us to be sustained in responsible positions. If we have anything in our hearts against any of these brethren, it is our duty, as conscientious members of the Church, first as the Spirit may direct, to go to them alone and make known to them our feeling toward them and show them the cause of such feeling; not with a desire in our hearts to widen or increase the difficulty, but we should go to them in the spirit of reconciliation and brotherly love, in a true Christian spirit, so that if any feeling of bitterness exists within us it may be absolutely removed; and if we have cause against our brother, that we may be in a position to remedy the evil. We should seek to love one another and to sustain one another as children of God and as brothers and sisters in the cause (President Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, page 280).

THIS great, stalwart leader taught further that it is not our right or prerogative to point out the supposed defects of the leaders in the Church: "Let the Lord God Almighty judge them and speak for or against them as it may seem to him good — but not me; it is not for me, my brethren, to do this . . ." (*Ibid.*, page 223).

Another great and important duty resting upon the parents in the Church in regard to sustaining our Church leaders is to teach their children by example as well as by precept to respect those in authority over them. If children hear their parents criticize or speak disparagingly of the bishop of the ward, the president of the stake, or other leaders in the Church, the damage is highly detrimental and may never be erased. We should teach our children to love the Lord and to understand his great love for them; to love their fellow men, and especially to love their fellow members of the Church. We should teach them to honor the Priesthood as the authority that God has bestowed upon the Church for the proper government of the same. We should teach them the importance and the desirability of preparing themselves to become worthy of receiving the Priesthood. Children should be made to realize that to be permitted to sustain those who lead them is not only a rare privilege, but also that it obligates them to pray for their leaders, to uphold them, and to accept opportunities to serve when called by them into service.

Now, a word to those who are sustained by the faith and prayers of the members: those who are called to office should realize that one of the greatest assets for leadership is the sustaining influence of those over whom they preside. This influence is vital and indispensable to effective leadership. In the words of the Lord, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it . . ." (Psalms 127:1), and

"... if ye are not one ye are not mine" (D. & C. 38:27). And so, we have to be one; we have to sustain and be sustained if our leadership is to be effective.

Those who are called to office and are sustained by the members should enter upon their duties with a full determination to do all in their power to magnify that calling. They should be prompt and zealous. They should strive to become efficient in carrying out the whole program.

They must plan, prepare, inspire. They must be examples in living the gospel wherever they may be — not only in meetings but also in private parties, while fishing and hunting, and while traveling. Priest-

hood and auxiliary leaders and members alike have the responsibility to be true to "... every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God" (D. & C. 84:44). Leaders are thus instructed by the Lord:

Wherefore, now let every man learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed, in all diligence. He that is slothful shall not be counted worthy to stand, and he that learns not his duty and shows himself not approved shall not be counted worthy to stand ... (D. & C. 107:99-100).

It is a great blessing to be permitted to sustain those who are called to preside over us. It is a blessing beyond measure to be sustained by the members whom we are called to serve.

Mother

Dora Toone Brough

A hundred times, or more, your deeds of gold
Have been expounded by the lips of friends;
In humble language they have been retold
To sleepy children, as the long day ends;
And yet, the simple things I held most dear—
Your busy hands, your gentle ways, your smile,
The lullabies you sang to quell my fear,
Your white lace collar, and your smooth hair style.

In silent loveliness your soul met mine;
I knew you always wanted me to keep
A path to God, a love for the Divine;
And when you closed your eyes in long, last sleep,
Your gracious, noble life made me content
To fashion mine to be your monument.

Second Prize Story
Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Mother's Shoes

Edith Larson

WHAT a picture Mother and Dad made, framed by the new window, their faces alight with expectation! The ready laughter wrinkles were deeper than ever on Dad's face and the little lines of worry were gone from Mother's.

She has accepted my ultimatum, Dorothy thought happily, as she drove on past the window. I knew that if I left them alone, Dad would persuade Mother that I am right. It's ridiculous for her to think she needs to help me put on their golden wedding anniversary.

Dorothy stopped the car and turned to the first early wedding guests she had picked up at the train. But Mother and Dad were there already, eagerly pulling the doors open to welcome Aunt Mable and Uncle Arthur with their daughter Gertie.

Dorothy waited only for the first greetings, then slipped away to the kitchen. The roast would be ready for the potatoes, onions, and carrots she had left standing in cold water. She hummed as her hands flew at their tasks.

"The kitchen looks different," a pleasant voice spoke from the doorway.

Dorothy looked up at her cousin Gertie—a stranger, really, since Dad's oldest sister had never been



EDITH LARSON

back after moving to New York twenty years ago.

"Mother had the whole house done over in honor of the golden wedding. You can't imagine what this anniversary means to her. She hasn't thought of much else for the past five years."

Gertie smiled. "I'm sure I'll feel the same way when I reach the fifty-year mark. But I wasn't referring to the house, although it does look very nice. I was just thinking of the kitchen the way I remembered it, with Aunt Sarah bustling around, shooing us children out from under her feet."

"She'd still be doing it if I'd let her. I've had quite a time persuading her to sit in the living room and be a lady of leisure."

"That role does seem a little out of character for Aunt Sarah."

"So she says. But, Gertie, think of all the years she has worked so hard. Not just her own work, but Relief Society and Sunday School and every other job that anyone wanted done. Mother deserves a big celebration without any responsibility at all."

"Someone has to take the responsibility."

"I am. I've been here three weeks already. Of course, the plans are all Mother's — except for some little surprises along the way. I want everything to be exactly as she has dreamed it."

"What does Harvey say to all this?"

"He doesn't like my being gone so long, of course, but he understands. Having the family so scattered means lots of house guests, besides the celebration itself. And the boys' wives all have small children — those who live here in town. Harvey can see where Mother needs me. He'll be up with our boys day after tomorrow to stay till it's over."

"If there is anything I can do to help . . ."

"There'll be lots of things. I thought we younger women could get the meals and keep the work done up and let the brothers and sisters have a real visit. You'll find the makings of a green salad in the frig, if you want to put them together now."

"And here I had my mouth all watered for some of Aunt Sarah's

cooking. I've never forgotten it." But Gertie was smiling as she opened the frig.

"I've sworn to keep Mother out of the kitchen, but I don't know. . . ." Dorothy broke off with a shrug.

A flick of Gertie's head made her turn. Sarah stood in the doorway, an anxious frown on her face.

"Dorothy," she asked, "did you remember to order the cake?"

"Of course, Mother," Dorothy said, irritation overriding her normal tact. "I ordered the cake, checked on the photographer, and borrowed the punch bowl, and I know that was all you put on my list this morning."

Sarah bit her lips. "I'm sorry. You didn't tell me," she said and turned away.

Dorothy shook her head wryly as she watched her mother's retreating figure.

"How do you cure 'em?" she asked Gertie. "You'd think I was an irresponsible teenager."

"You don't. You just try."

The cousins worked amicably and rapidly, the ready-made subject of how to deal with parents bridging the gap of long separation. In a very short time, Dorothy returned to the living room to announce dinner.

Mother looked up at her with a warm smile. "I can't get over it," she said. "Me sitting here with my hands folded and meals going on just the same. I was just telling Mable that you won't let me do a thing — not a single thing. You'd think I was the queen or someone important."

Dad rose gallantly, offering his

arm. "You are, my dear — my queen."

Dorothy's heart did a little flip as she followed the older couple to the dining room. The old dears, she thought, so absolutely corny and so very, very dear.

Dinner was a leisurely meal with much reminiscing and lavish compliments for Dorothy. She was glad when her brother Jim showed up with an offer to drive the old folks and Gertie around town. Dad had given up driving himself because of poor eyesight.

Once the others were gone and the kitchen work done, Dorothy settled down to her lists of jobs still pending. She wanted to make one last check without Mother at her elbow. But she couldn't concentrate.

Why couldn't Mother just relax and let her daughter run things? Why couldn't she realize that Dorothy was just as efficient a manager as her mother before her? Why, she was having the time of her life putting on this affair!

Two hundred and fifty was a conservative estimate of the expected guests at the open house Sunday afternoon. And there would be between ninety and a hundred at the family dinner Monday night. Close to twenty of these would be house guests for the week end or longer, for some came from great distances — from both coasts, in fact.

Mother had used these distances as an excuse for having a family dinner. The boys all thought an open house was celebration enough. But Dorothy sympathized with her mother's desire to have the family

by themselves one night. And the Relief Society sisters would serve the dinner in the recreation hall.

Sarah was proud of the society she had presided over for fifteen years. And she wanted something extra special because her own sisters were coming. They had never been West before. After their father had died, still unrelenting toward the daughter who married a Mormon, the sisters had written Sarah and urged her to come East for a visit. She had gone once or twice, and Dorothy had gone with her for one brief visit.

There were four of the sisters altogether. The youngest two, Aunt Dora and Aunt Mattie, aged seventy-nine and seventy-six, were the adventurous ones coming to the golden wedding. They were both widows.

THE sightseers returned long before Dorothy was ready for them. Then Jim's family dropped in, closely followed by the other boys and some of their families. Everyone wanted to see Aunt Mable after so many years.

So it was late before the house settled down for the night. At the last minute, Sarah came to Dorothy's room. "I think I'd better go with you to the station to meet the aunts," she said.

"Oh, Mother, there's no need for you to get up at five A.M.! That train's always late and the station's a drafty, cold place to wait. You sleep in and I'll meet them just as we planned."

"As you planned," Sarah corrected with a smile that took the sting from the correction. "I really think

they'll expect me to meet them. Their very first trip, you know."

"Nonsense. You'll make a much better first impression if they see you here in your own home."

"Then I'll have breakfast waiting for you when you get back."

"If you insist."

I wasn't very gracious, Dorothy thought, as she paced the station platform in the cold dawn. The eastern mountains were pink-tipped but there was no sun to cut through the chill. I'm not sorry, though, that I insisted. And she shivered.

She could hear the train rumbling in the distance. It wouldn't be too late after all. And then it was roaring into the station and she had underestimated its length. Those two whitehaired ladies ten coaches down had to be Aunt Mattie and Aunt Dora. Dorothy broke into a run.

Then she was enfolded in Aunt Dora's ample arms and listening to Aunt Mattie's booming voice saying, "I'm glad you had sense enough to keep Sarah at home. What a heathenish hour for a train to arrive."

"We're not such a big place," Dorothy answered defensively. "The train schedule is set up to give the city the most convenient hours."

Why should she feel that she had to defend the railroad? As the day passed, she found she was always defending something. Aunt Mattie had the ability to put Dorothy's back up over the least little thing. Or were they *little* things?

Breakfast over, Aunt Mattie had moved purposively in on the sink. "Now, Dorothy, you can put the food away. You're the one who

knows where it goes. I'll wash and your cousin can wipe."

"But, Aunt Mattie, everything is all planned. The brothers and sisters are to be guests and we younger ones will do the work."

"Fiddlesticks! I was washing dishes when you were in diapers!"

"That's just the point. It's your turn for a holiday."

"If I want to spend my holiday at the kitchen sink, that's my business, young lady. You put the food away. Where did you say I'd find an apron? There's half a dozen in my suitcase, but I'll borrow one for now."

Helplessly, Dorothy obeyed, painfully aware of Gertie's amusement.

AUNT Mattie didn't stop with taking command of the dishwashing. She planned the meals and saw that they were duly cooked according to her orders. As more and more guests arrived, she supervised the sleeping arrangements. With dismay, Dorothy watched the reins of management slip from her hands. But there was no arguing with Aunt Mattie. But for Sarah's intervention, she would have taken over the open house, too.

"Now, Mattie," Sarah said with deceptive gentleness, "Dorothy and I have the arrangements all planned. The boys' wives are going to serve the punch, taking turns, an hour each."

"I'll pour the coffee, then," Aunt Mattie insisted.

"There'll be no coffee. You know that, Mattie."

"Then I'll run the kitchen. Someone has to see to it that the punch bowls are kept filled and the cookie

plates ready. I'll start baking cookies this morning."

"The neighbors are bringing the cookies in."

"What if they don't bring enough? It won't hurt to have a few dozen of my icebox cookies on hand."

Sarah sighed, such a familiar sigh, Dorothy thought. "No, I don't suppose it will hurt."

Dorothy was seething. She had purposely planned the meals so that there would be no baking these last two days in order to keep the house cool for Sunday. A hot retort was on the tip of her tongue, but she was saved from making it by a glimpse of Harvey driving in with the children. She ran to meet them, but even their hugs didn't keep her from boiling over in response to Harvey's "How are things going?"

"Now wait!" Harvey raised a hand in mock self-defense against the torrent of words she poured out. "Let me get my bearings. And greet the folks," he added as he saw his father-in-law coming across the lawn.

The two men clasped hands warmly. "We've certainly appreciated the loan of your wife," Fred said. "She's taken hold like her mother would."

Dorothy flushed with pleasure, her anger beginning to dissolve. Harvey looked down at her affectionately. "You have just passed out the greatest compliment of all, Dad," he said.

"I used to think no one could ever grow into Sarah's shoes. They're made special, you know, on an individual last. And now here's

Dorothy, coming closer and closer. . . ." The old man shook his head, but his eyes were smiling.

Dorothy thought, *coming closer!* But of course, Dad's prejudiced. He won't ever admit anyone could grow into Mother's shoes.

Dorothy honestly tried to deal with the problem of Aunt Mattie the way Mother would. All day Saturday, Mattie baked cookies. Red-faced and tired but triumphant, she came to the table that night to a meal she had planned and prepared herself for eighteen people.

"I've baked five hundred cookies," she announced. "You can't run short now."

"But it was completely unnecessary," Dorothy broke out before she remembered. She didn't need the warning pressure of Harvey's hand to stop her.

"Thank you, Mattie," Sarah said quietly. "I don't know what we'd do without you."

Dorothy thought she'd explode, the way Aunt Mattie preened herself at the compliment. Without Aunt Mattie, everything would have gone smoothly according to Dorothy's direction. At least, she consoled herself, Aunt Mattie couldn't interfere with the programs planned for the open house and the family dinner.

MOTHER was in on the program planned for the open house because it was a surprise on Dad. But the entertainment at the family dinner was Dorothy's own doing, and a secret from both her parents. She had prepared a complete program around the grandchildren and their talents, including a three-act skit portraying the courtship of

Fred and Sarah. Mother and Dad would love it.

But as late as Saturday night, Mother asked Dorothy again, "Don't you think we ought to have some sort of program at the family dinner besides a few remarks from the bishop?"

Dorothy patted her hand and said soothingly, "Don't worry, Mother. Everyone will be too busy visiting. Besides, the bishop will talk as long as you want him to."

"I know, but—"

"No 'buts' about it, Mother. I have everything planned. Now just enjoy your company and leave the rest to me."

Sarah turned away, but Dorothy, looking after her drooping figure, frowned. Mother, she thought, should be happier. Here I am, doing everything in the world to make her dreams come true, and she frets over details.

BUT the next day, as Sarah and Fred greeted the neighbors and friends who flocked to the house, Dorothy had never seen her mother look happier. She looked rested and proud as she stood near the door, one hand on her husband's arm.

Dorothy had more time to watch and mingle with the guests than she had expected. In spite of her protests, Aunt Mattie had taken over the kitchen.

"Go on in there and talk to your friends," the old lady insisted. "I don't know anyone and I don't like to talk to strangers. I'll be perfectly happy right here."

So Dorothy had joined her husband, and together they greeted old friends. It wasn't the way she had planned it, but — well — she rather

liked it this way, knowing the kitchen was well commanded.

Sarah was talking to a distinguished-looking man Dorothy finally recognized as a former bishop who had moved away. Pulling at Harvey's arm, she steered him over that way.

"Your open house is going off very well, Sister Talbot," the bishop was saying. "Knowing your efficiency, I'm not surprised."

Sarah laughed ruefully. "I didn't have much to do with it. I've been chained to this armchair by the next in line." Looking up, she saw Dorothy and Harvey and smiled warmly. "Here is the one who deserves your compliments, Bishop. I don't know what I'd have done without her."

Dorothy stammered through greetings, her mind in a whirl. "I don't know what I'd have done without her." Why did that statement have such a familiar ring?

As the company eddied around them, leaving her momentarily in a little private island with Harvey, she turned to him. "What would Mother have done without me?" she asked abruptly.

Harvey smiled down at her. "So you recognized the line, too. I thought you would."

"It's what Mother said to Aunt Mattie after she butted in and upset all my plans. Do you really think that I butted in and upset Mother's plans in the same way?"

Harvey's smile disappeared and he stared seriously down at his wife's anxious face. "I don't know, Dorothy."

"But I only carried out *her* plans, the ones she's been making for

years. Of course, I added a few touches here and there, but . . ."

"Mother Talbot is far too diplomatic ever to tell you, if to her you are another Aunt Mattie."

"I know." Dorothy's misery threatened to engulf her. "All I wanted was for Mother to have one perfectly happy time, free from care. But — I guess a woman like Mother is never really free from care. Here I've been getting the biggest bang out of running this show — and that's just what Mother would have got out of running it herself. Not a lot of worry, but fun—just plain fun. Why didn't I see that before?"

"Don't blame yourself too much, Dorothy. It looked as if you were doing your mother a big favor. I think she's proud that you wanted to do it."

"Perhaps. But, right now it's time for the self-appointed regent

to abdicate and let the queen take over. Quick, Harvey, tip the children off not to let on they've been practicing for a program tomorrow night."

"But you've planned such a good program!"

"I? Mother's the program planner in our family."

The quick squeeze Harvey gave her hand showed Dorothy he understood. With tears in her eyes, she watched him quietly maneuver the grandchildren out of the room. Then she squared her shoulders and waited for a chance to speak to Sarah.

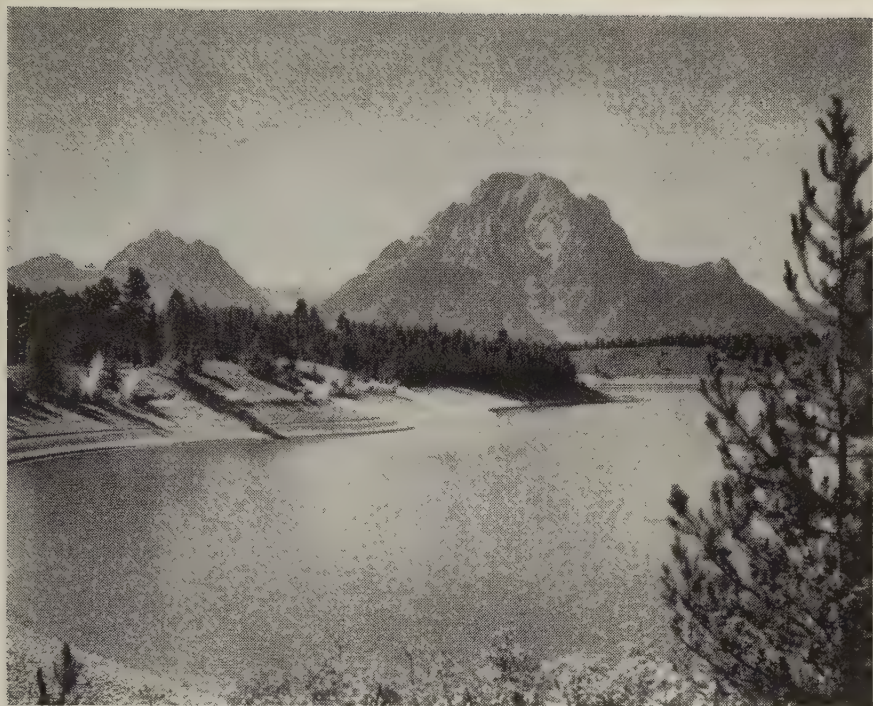
Dorothy was smiling by the time she had a chance to say, "Mother—Mother, why don't you ask the grandchildren to put on some kind of entertainment for the family dinner? I'm sure they'd love to show off for the aunts and uncles."

Edith Larson, Manton, Michigan, won third prize in the Relief Society Short Story Contest last year, and thus is a second-time award winner in this year's contest. She is a graduate of Northwestern University. Her husband, Carl Larson, is in the lumber business, and her daughter, Mary Margaret, is a high school junior with aspirations toward Brigham Young University. Mrs. Larson is a spare-time writer whose work has appeared in several national magazines. At present, her writing time is being seriously interrupted by an original television program for children which she directs on her hometown station. She comments that she is as active in the Traverse City Branch of the Church as a distance of forty miles permits. She is currently serving as Y.W.M.I.A. president.

Future Resolve

Hazel M. Thomson

Dishes to be washed,
Scrubbing to be done;
Clothes to hang out,
While yet there is sun.
Socks to be darned,
Shirts to be mended;
Supper time comes,
The work still isn't ended.
I'd write the great verse,
If there were hours to borrow,
The words sing in my heart,
I shall write them . . . tomorrow.



Willard Luce

JACKSON LAKE AND MOUNT MORAN, WYOMING

Heritage

Leslie Savage Clark

These are our common heritage—
The scarlet autumn, spring;
No man can fence bright April in,
Nor cage the migrant wing.
And hearts, alike, have common dower
Of laughter, tears, and pain,
The same deep need to share love's sun
And pity's gentle rain.

May God, in mercy, make us wise
So, working hand in hand,
We build a greater brotherhood
In this beloved land.

The Netherlands Mission

Preston R. Nibley

THE first missionary to carry the gospel to the Netherlands was Elder Orson Hyde, a member of the original Council of the Twelve, who visited Rotterdam in June 1841, while on his way to Palestine to dedicate that land for the return of the Jews. In Rotterdam he became acquainted with a Jewish Rabbi, "to whom he explained the object of his intended trip to the Holy Land, and also testified of the restored gospel."

Twenty years were to pass before other missionaries of the Church visited the Netherlands. At the annual conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City in April 1861, two Elders, Paul Augustus Schettler and A. Wiegiers van der Woude, were called to serve as missionaries in Holland. They arrived in Rotterdam in August 1861, and after spending a few days in that city proceeded on to Amsterdam, where they began their labors. Shortly afterwards Elder van der Woude traveled to Friesland to



Photograph by Rinze Schippers

Submitted by Ada S. Van Dam

THE OLD GATEWAY (DELFTSEPOORT), DELFT, HOLLAND



Photograph submitted by Ada S. Van Dam

RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS IN VLAARDINGEN, THE NETHERLANDS

Left to right: Ogtavie G. A. Van Wijnen and daughter Gabrielle; Marrigje A. Van Rosmalen and daughter Olga Maria. These two sisters take their children to kindergarten and then do their visiting teaching, traveling on bicycles.

visit relatives and, on October 1, 1861, he baptized three persons, two of whom were relatives, in the town of Brock, near Akkerwoude. These were the first baptisms in the Netherlands Mission.

On December 23, 1861, Elder Schettler baptized three persons in Amsterdam; other conversions followed, and early in 1862 a branch of the Church was organized in that city.

From 1861 to 1864 the Netherlands Mission was part of the Swiss and German Mission, but in the latter year a separate mission was formed. Belgium was later added to the Netherlands Mission, but it was transferred to the French Mission in 1923.

The Book of Mormon was translated into the Dutch language in 1890, by Elder John W. F. Volker of Ogden. In 1896 a periodical was begun by the Church in Holland, entitled, *De Ster*, which has continued to the present time.

There are now 3,254 members of the Church in the Netherlands Mission, located in twenty-six branches. The president of the Mission is Elder Rulon J. Sperry of Salt Lake City. Twenty-two Relief Society organizations were reported in December 1955, with 279 members. Lucy Emma G. Sperry presides over the Netherlands Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover of this Magazine is a view of a Grain Grinding Mill in Leiden, Holland. See also "Recipes From the Netherlands Mission," page 104.

Values Derived From Reading Worthwhile Literature

Thomas C. Romney

Do not read good books—life is too short for that. Only read the best.—Dimnet

NEVER before, perhaps, was there a greater need for emphasis upon the importance of having high class literature put into the hands of the children and young people than there is at the present time. Never have evil-designing individuals been more determined to foist upon the public their nefarious wares such as immoral literature, indecent films, and glaring tales of robberies and other crimes than now.

Reports from juvenile court records throughout the land reveal the deplorable fact that juvenile delinquency is rapidly on the increase, manifesting itself in an ever-increasing number of homicides, thefts, and other infractions of the moral code.

The chief responsibility for the prevention and correction of these evils must be placed upon the parents in the home. They, in the very nature of things, are the logical and inescapable guardians of their children. The family is the oldest and most fundamental of all social institutions, and here is laid the cultural, moral, and religious pattern in the child's life that will largely determine his future success or failure.

There are no influences in the home so potent in the formation of the character of the child as the

example and the verbal teachings of its parents; but second only to these is, perhaps, the literature with which the child comes in contact through different media, such as retold stories, comic books, magazines, television, and radio.

Of such grave import in the life and character of the child are these influences that the late President Joseph F. Smith was led to say:

Books constitute a sort of companionship to everyone who reads, and they create within the heart feelings either for good or for bad. It sometimes happens that parents are very careful about the company which their children keep and are very indifferent about the books they read. In the end the reading of a bad book will bring about evil associates.

It is not only the boy who reads this strange, weird and unnaturally exciting literature who is affected by its influence, but in time he influences others. This literature becomes the mother of all sorts of evil suggestions that ripen into evil practices and bring about an unnatural and debased feeling which is ever crowding out the good in the human heart and giving place to the bad. . . .

. . . Let the Saints beware of the books that enter their homes, for their influences may be as poisonous and deadly as the adder . . . (*Gospel Doctrine*, pp. 324-325, 1952 Edition).

In like strain, President David O. McKay, when a member of the Council of the Twelve, emphatically declared:

Men in Israel, it is time that we take a stand against vile literature. It is poisonous to the soul. It is the duty of a parent to put the poison that is in the house, on the highest shelf, away from that innocent little child who knows not the danger of it. It is the duty of the parent also to keep the boy's mind from becoming polluted with the vile trash that is sometimes scattered—nay, that is daily distributed among us. . . . Teach your children, your boys and girls everywhere, to keep away from every bad book and all bad literature, especially that which savors of hatred, or envy, or malice, that which bears upon it the marks of hypocrisy, insincerity, edited by men who have lost their manhood (*Liahona*, vol. 8, page 310).

WHILE unfit literature has such a baleful influence upon the morals of the growing child, much can be said of the uplifting and wholesome influence of good, chaste literature upon his life. No child is likely to go far astray from the path of rectitude and virtue who, from his earliest childhood, has been reared in a home where there is daily reading of the scriptures and other good books as the Lord has directed:

. . . yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith (D. & C. 88:118).

Said the great Roman orator, Cicero:

There is nothing so charming as the knowledge of literature; of that branch of literature, I mean, which enables us to discover the infinity of things, the immensity of Nature, the heavens, the earth and the seas. This is that branch which has taught religion, moderation, magnanimity, and that has rescued the soul from obscurity; to make her see all things above and below, first and last, and between both; it is this that furnishes us wherewith to live well and happy, and guides us to pass our lives without displeasure and offence.

The Bible is such a book, and it has had a more powerful influence upon the lives of prominent men and women down through the centuries than all of the other great works of literature combined.

There are few plays of the immortal William Shakespeare that do not bear the imprint of intensive reading of that sacred book; and the masterpieces of John Milton, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," have borrowed their most important characters and plots and much of their lofty style from the Holy Bible.

By taking a glance at the founders and preservers of our great American Republic, we see that the vast majority were reverent men and intensive readers of the word of God. Such were George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and others whose names loom large on the pages of early American history.

Space will not permit an exhaustive survey of the literature read and absorbed by these men and its influence upon their lives, but by way of illustration, I submit a few examples from the life and utterances of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln.

From his early childhood, Abraham had related to him by his mother the beautiful stories of the Bible. Later, as he developed into young manhood, he became a devout student of that holy record. The influence of that early training and profound study finds expression on almost every page of his letters and speeches later in life. We see this not only in the reverent and heartbreaking tenderness of his mes-

sages, but in the strikingly clear and concise language in which he clothed his thoughts.

NOTE the Christlike quality and directness of expression in the following letter addressed by him to a mother whose sons had been stricken down on the field of battle:

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

As he left his home in Springfield to assume the duties of the highest position that can be conferred upon a citizen of the United States, he bade farewell to his neighbors and fellow-townsmen in these touching words:

For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth till now I am an old man. Here the most sacred trusts of earth were assumed; here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. . . . Today I leave you: I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the Great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail. But if that same omniscient mind and the same Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail; I shall succeed.

Let us pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me.

A classic example illustrative of well-nigh perfect literature and usually cited by critics of speech is Lincoln's Gettysburg address which I commend to the reading public.

It would be an injustice to the memory of the Prophet Joseph Smith did I not call attention briefly to some of the beautiful literature contained in our modern sacred records. There is no more impressive and artistic language than is contained in Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants, written by the Prophet under the inspiration of the Almighty, while a prisoner in Liberty jail in Missouri. The same can be said of Section 76 of the same book, in which appears a graphic description of the three degrees of glory.

And what has been said of The Doctrine and Covenants, can truthfully be claimed for The Book of Mormon and The Pearl of Great Price.

The values to be gained from the reading of good literature may be summarized in a few simple statements. Such reading will stimulate growth of the intellect through putting one in touch with the wisdom of the ages, both past and present, and will give a foretaste of that which is to come through a perusal of prophetic utterances. In hours of discouragement and despondency, the spirit can be revived and a new courage inspired by the account of others who have similarly been de-

pressed but, by the exercise of sheer will power, have lifted themselves from the slough of despondency to an eminence of great achievement. Vicariously, one can see through the eyes of others the beauties of this world and can share in the adventures incident to travel in dif-

ferent lands and among varied and interesting races of people. Finally, the soul can be enriched and purified and a new faith and hope be born through the reading of the word of God as revealed to man in all ages of the world for the salvation of his children.

What Makes a Happy Home

Wilma Boyle Bunker

LAST night as I tucked the covers around my young son, he reached up and pulled me close to him for a goodnight kiss, and then suddenly asked, "Mother, what makes a happy home?"

"Well, Son," I said, a little startled by his mature query, "I believe the most important thing in a happy home is love—love between the mother and father, and love among all the members of the family.

"Then you have to have comradeship, with the whole family interested in each other, and part of the time interested in doing things together.

"You have to have co-operation, too. A family in which each member is selfishly pulling for himself is never a happy one.

"You need a sense of humor and lots of laughter. To be able to laugh during trying moments averts many a crisis.

"You need to have time to relax. A family that is too busy to enjoy life is tense and irritable.

"You need sentiment, too. Birthdays, graduations, achievements, holidays should be celebrated, snapshots and keepsakes treasured.

"You need compassion and kindness inside the home, and lots of it outside.

"Above all, you need to love your Heavenly Father and his Son, Jesus, so that you will love your neighbor. Religion gives comfort and warmth, hope and faith, to a home.

"So you see, Son, it takes a lot to make a happy home, much more than walls and roof, furnishings, and a family inside."

Giant Saguaros

Ethel Jacobson

Not fearful or importunate,
They lift great arms on high
In strength and calm as to uphold
The azure-vaulted sky.

Steadfast they rear through flood and drouth
That ravage wasteland bournes—
Rugged saguaros robed in might
And majesty and thorns.

Hearts United

Frances C. Yost

CALVIN and Susan Deaton sat before the fireplace. Its cheerful warmth felt good on this cold February evening. Occasionally Calvin would reach down with the fire tongs and turn the log, burning on the hearth. Then, too, he would reach over and pat Susan's work-worn hand as she rested it on the armchair. It had been quite sometime since either of them had spoken.

Calvin wondered what Susan was thinking. It wasn't like her to sit with her hands idle. Usually as they chatted in the evening, she crocheted or knitted. He hoped she was happy, that she was glad to share the September of her life with him. He remembered their wedding day, just a year ago. Valentine's Day seemed such an appropriate day to be married. Some of the children, his mischievous Carl and Susan's Roger, had decorated their car while they were being married. Calvin remembered so well the drawing on the back of the car. It was two hearts united, and with the words inside, "Just Married."

Calvin looked over at Susan again. She seemed lost in thought as she watched the firelight. This wasn't much of a way to treat a lady on her wedding anniversary. If the car hadn't broken down, he could have taken her to a movie. But what Susan would like best, and Calvin admitted to himself that he would, too, would have been for the family, his grown children, and hers, to drop in and spend the evening. He had thought

at the time of their marriage that all the children approved, but if they were happy about this second marriage, some of them would have called and wished them greetings today.

Calvin looked again at Susan and spoke affectionately. "Susan, my dear, you are so quiet tonight. A penny for your thoughts." He patted her hand tenderly.

"I was thinking, Calvin, that it's been a good year for us. I was thinking that I'm very glad you proposed to me at that old-fashioned party, and that we chose Valentine's Day to be married." She sighed softly, "But I must admit I'm disappointed that the children have forgotten entirely. If even one of them had remembered to call on our anniversary, it wouldn't be so bad."

"Sometimes children are thoughtless. They don't mean to be, it's just that they are so busy living their own lives. You know how it is with growing children and all. If the old car hadn't quit on us, I'd ask the sweetest person I know, to go see a movie. Would you like to hop on a bus and go downtown to see a show?"

"No, Calvin, I like it here, really. Except I'd like to see some of the family." Susan smiled sweetly and patted Calvin's hand.

"Well, if my old jitney hadn't balked," Calvin said, "I would take you to see them all. We'd go calling from house to house like we did on Christmas morning."

"That would be nice, but it's pleasant here by the fire. Perhaps

some of the family will think to call even yet this evening," Susan assured him.

"You've been so quiet, I got to wondering if you regretted marrying an old codger like me. Your children were mighty devoted to you. It wasn't my intention to come between you and your loved ones. But, by George, I don't know how I managed without you for those fifteen years," Calvin sighed.

"I must admit, I've wondered this evening, if your family really likes me as a stepmother. Oh, they've treated me lovely, Calvin, really they have. But your girls did hover around and sort of pamper you all those years, and I've wondered if you've missed it. I wonder if they sort of resent my taking their mother's place." Susan felt better now that she had aired her thoughts. She hoped Calvin would not misunderstand her.

"Of course, my family loves you. They couldn't help loving you. You're so sweet-natured, and as for the girls not dropping in each day, it's just that you keep the house so spic and span, and keep cookies, pie, and cake around for my sweet-tooth, so that they don't need to come so often. But I did think some of the family would drop by today." Calvin could not hide his disappointment.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Calvin, your Carl did stop by this morning, right after you left for work. He asked if he could store some long picnic tables in our basement. He said Karen was making room in their basement for the children to roller skate and bicycle during the bad weather. I thought

it would be all right, so I told him to bring them in."

"Sure, that's fine," Calvin replied.

"It was sort of funny, though. My Roger had just been here a few minutes before that, and asked if we would mind if he stored some boxes and things in the basement." Susan laughed. "I hope you don't mind."

"No, that's okay. There's plenty of room in the rumpus room. We don't have the parties there like we used to when the kids were home. I'm glad to help them out any way we can, but didn't either of the boys say anything? Didn't they even say happy anniversary, Mom?" Calvin questioned.

"No, they didn't, Calvin. I guess that's what made me sort of down in the dumps. I've tried to shake it off all day, but, it just keeps coming back, try as I may." Susan looked at Calvin for some kind of reassurance.

"I guess we have to make our own happiness, Susan, not expect someone else to hand it to us like a valentine." Calvin was more serious than usual.

"I guess you are right," Susan agreed. Then silence enveloped them as they each lived with their thoughts and watched the firelight glow. Yet they knew that real happiness includes outside contacts, knowing that loved ones love you and approve of your decisions. Perhaps the children hadn't approved of their marriage, and this was their way of showing it: this complete ignoring of their first anniversary!

"I'm thinking too much and not working enough." Susan wiped an

escaped tear from her lashes, and picked up her crocheting from the end table. She watched her fingers work with the thread, the way she liked them to, but her mind kept dwelling on the family, the whole united family—hers and Calvin's children. It wasn't as if they lived a long way off—everyone of them was within driving distance. They knew that Calvin's car wasn't working, they knew the repair man had said it wasn't worth fixing. They could have dropped in if they had wanted to.

Susan looked at Calvin, his gray, thinning hair was evidence of years of toil and service for his family and the community. She hated to have him hurt. For his sake, she wished his children would come by and wish them well.

Calvin watched Susan crocheting and thought if only one of her children would come this evening, and let her know they were happy that she had remarried. Children shouldn't hurt their mother like this. It was like a sharp blade against Susan's heart, and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

"Well, I'd better put another log on the fire, the evening is still young," Calvin said, rising from the chair.

IT was after he had placed the log and straightened up, that Calvin noticed a golden crimson light fall across the window, like the glitter on the cake of a centenarian. Then they heard some peculiar noise outside. Calvin looked quickly at Susan, then suddenly the front door burst open, and it seemed the very hosts of heaven were shouting, "Happy Anniversary, Mother and Dad!"

Their faces lighted up as they looked first at each other then at the throng of happy people tramping through the front door. They both were pale, but it was from pure joy. Calvin's children with their husbands and wives, and Susan's children with their husbands and wives, came marching in two by two, filling the room as Noah filled the ark. All were singing an unrehearsed song from an old familiar tune, every line ending with the words, "happy anniversary."

As the large group of married young folks circled the room, Calvin and Susan found themselves standing in the center of all of their loved ones. It was such a good feeling, having all the children together. They seemed like hearts united, as they grouped themselves according to age, like one big, happy family.

When the song was finished, and the door closed against the evening's chill, Calvin's oldest boy, John, cleared his throat, a signal for complete silence. Then John acted as spokesman for the group.

"Mother and Dad," he began, "in behalf of all of us, to show you our love, we want to give you a little present." There was a chuckle from the crowd, then John resumed his speech. "Well, it's sort of big, folks, we couldn't get it through the door, so if you'll step outside."

John took Susan's arm and John's wife, Vera, took Calvin's, and they were ushered to the front porch, with all the others following. Outside it was so dark the stars seemed to pull the sky down close. Then someone turned on a spotlight at just the right moment, and there in the driveway was a new red car. It

looked like a valentine all wrapped in cellophane and tied with ribbons.

John handed them the biggest valentine they had ever seen, and attached to it were the keys to the car. Susan was overcome with joy. She looked at Calvin and gained strength. He was like a boy with his first ice skates at Christmas time. She thought her heart would burst with joy when she read aloud the card: "Roses are red, violets are blue, Valentine greetings to both of you." Then underneath in neat handwriting, with the signature of all of the two families, was the little message, "An anniversary gift from all of us."

The group grew suddenly quiet, and Susan knew it was time to say something. She turned to Calvin. Susan was glad he had chosen to speak first, perhaps her heart would stop fluttering by the time he had finished.

Calvin's voice choked as he spoke: "It's hard to tell all of you what this means to me. After driving a car for as many years as I have, a fellow sort of gets used to having one around that will run. I guess, even though I am getting along in years, I never figured I was quite old enough to start riding a bus all the time."

Everyone laughed a little, and then Susan knew it was her turn to express her appreciation. "Children, all of you, my children, and Calvin's, and all of you dear, sweet sons and daughters-in-law, we want you to know we love you all very dearly. We appreciate your opening your purses and buying the car we so needed, but it's this coming to see us, this remembering . . ."

A lump rose in her throat and Susan knew she couldn't go on.

Then Martin, who was always so understanding, came to her rescue and said, "We know, Mother."

Then it was that three of the young men jumped in the back seat and insisted that Calvin and Susan take them for a ride around the block. Someone shouted from the porch: "Remember, just around the block, the party is only beginning."

SUSAN felt it was just as well the ride was short, because Calvin was much too excited to do his best driving. When they returned, they found themselves being ushered down the basement to the recreation room.

But she was not prepared for the surprise which greeted them. Everyone had been busy as beavers while they were driving around. The very picnic tables that Carl had brought over were set up, and the tables were decorated with valentines and cupids with arrows, and entwined hearts.

Susan noticed that her son, Roger, was pulling folding chairs out of the boxes he had brought over to store that morning. How very stupid I have been, Susan chided herself.

Then down from the kitchen came the girls, each wearing a little paper valentine apron, and carrying large platters of cold turkey, salads of all kinds, relishes, punch, and hot rolls. As they walked around the table hunting for their places, Susan could hardly hold back the tears of joy. Why the place cards were made from old photographs of each of them when they were children.

She remembered the day Karen and Mary had come gathering pictures. It was right after the Christmas rush. Why, they had been planning this big party for a long, long time. It would take a long time of planning to . . . to buy a car. Susan knew, because even though all of the children were successful, they would have had to make some very dear sacrifices to present them with such a wonderful gift.

HOW could she ever have thought they were against her marriage to Calvin? Oh, how she had misjudged them! Susan caught Calvin's eye to sort of ask forgiveness for those moments of distrust. But he only winked back at her mischievously.

The big dinner was topped with homemade ice cream and cake for dessert. Martin and June had brought a five gallon freezer and everyone else must have brought a cake, because there was such a variety of delicious ones.

There followed a homey little unrehearsed program. It reminded Susan of the home evenings they used to have when the children were growing up, with each person participating, even though a little timid.

Then the tables were folded up, and Carl laughed and said that he would get the tables out of their way one of these first days. They could have put a record on, but everyone seemed to want family-style music. Ruth was ushered to the piano, Dick had brought along his violin, and Roger, the clown of the family, improvised a drum from some laundry equipment. Paul

started calling for the square dancing. There were enough to make two full squares of dancers, even with the four-piece orchestra.

After a square or two of dancing, Calvin's boy, Paul, came over and said: "Dad, let me dance with Mom, you call the changes lots better than I can."

Susan felt light as a feather, and as young as any of them as one young man after another "promenaded the prettiest gal in town." But it was her heart that seemed the lightest, and dispelled entirely was any doubt but that the family was completely satisfied with their marriage.

Then, only too soon, Susan and Calvin were standing in the doorway with arms entwined as they bade their children goodnight. Some jokingly said, "Good morning," because it was more early than late.

When the last car had driven away, they stood in the doorway, looking at the car, their anniversary gift. Neither of them spoke for some time. Words were not needed. The children hadn't forgotten; all was right with their world.

"I'm glad their surprise went off so well. They did a lot of work and planning." Susan sighed.

"Such a wonderful surprise as this was worth the little tinge of unhappiness we experienced the first of the evening," Calvin said.

Then, as Calvin closed the door and they turned facing the glow of the warm fire, Calvin spoke for both of them: "And to think they all chipped in and bought that fine car for us. They just don't make better children than ours, Susan."

"Yes, Calvin," Susan replied, "all hearts united."

Great Men Pray

"THE TRUST OF A CHILD AT A MOTHER'S KNEE"



PRAYER provides one of the most joyful and, yet, challenging experiences that can come to women—that of teaching children to pray.

The occasion of kneeling down with children or having a child at your knee is the beginning of a spiritual habit which, if cultivated, can be one of the greatest influences in the child's life. For this reason, a woman should regard the teaching of a child to pray as one of the sacred experiences of his childhood.

It is often stated that the basic habits of life are established by the time the child reaches the age of six or when he starts going to

school. The habit of conversing with our Father in heaven certainly is basic and essential to spiritual health.

When a mother begins to teach a child to pray, she must pray with words that will be simple enough for the child to understand and try to pronounce correctly. Nevertheless, the words should be reverently spoken in such a way that the child will catch the spirit of prayer. Later, when a child begins to pray in secret by himself, he will repeat the same phrases and words which he has heard his parents use. These words and phrases may lose their meaning to a child through repeated use. Therefore, words for prayers should be carefully selected and varied, in order that the child may gain a full insight to prayer and the power which comes spiritually from prayer.

A mother and her child both receive abundant blessings from this enriching experience of learning to pray together.

Great is the woman who has taught a child to rely faithfully on prayer as a source of strength, wisdom, and patience. And great is the child spiritually, who has learned to do so.

BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1897

"FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE WOMEN OF ZION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE
WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS"

VIEW IN SWITZERLAND: We ascended the Rigi Kulen where we have a fine view of Eastern and Northern Switzerland. The eye sweeps over eleven lakes, plains and streams to the crest of the Jura mountains and over the Burnese Oberland Alps, a circuit of three hundred miles . . . shining snow-capped peaks rise one behind another until the last is lost in clouds.

—Kim

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SANPETE STAKE: Counsclor Abbie Shoemaker said "We come together to be fed with the bread of life. Let us be humble and seek for wisdom; if we have the spirit of God with us we will not have malice in our hearts, but will have a sisterly love." . . . Pres't Zina D. H. Young said she was pleased with the exertions of the sisters in getting houses to meet in. . . : Sister Annie Taylor Hyde of Salt Lake said if we would desire a double blessing we should attend our meetings. This Society was organized by the Prophet; we are being blessed as well as blessing, and it makes us better Saints. . . .

—Maria Willardson, Stake Sec'y.

TO DR. ELLIS R. SHIPP
(on her Birthday)

The sun sets in the crimson West;
And Nature sinks to needed rest;
As the floods of glory fill the air,
So may thy life be now more fair.

Till reaching out where the blue tints meet,
May all thy joys be full, complete; —
Thy aims, thy hopes, thy fondest dreams,
Be glorious, bright, as the sun's last beams.

—Lydia D. Alder

A MONUMENT FOR HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: The children of Harriet Beecher Stowe (author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) do not look kindly upon the proposition to erect a public statue of their mother. Her son, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, says it belongs to him and his sisters to erect whatever monument may be placed over their mother's grave. . . .

—*Woman's Journal*

THE NEW WOMAN: The new woman we shall consider, though, is not a new woman any more than the sun that shone today is a new sun or the stars that shine tonight are new stars. To one who has only begun to see they might all appear new, but they have ever existed, conforming always to God's immutable laws. . . .

—Miss Elsie Ada Faust

From an Address at the Alumni Banquet
University of Utah

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon



MISS EMMA LEAVEN-
WORTH, of Seattle, Wash-
ington, took up airplane flying at
the age of fifty-seven. Now, at
seventy-seven, she still flies, even
solo. Among the first civilian pilots
to volunteer for civil defense at the
outbreak of World War II, she is
still active in the Civil Air Patrol
and subject to recall in an emer-
gency.

MRS. LINNEA SETTERLIND
MORRISON, a young widow
with three children, while working
for her bachelor of science degree in
psychiatry and education at Gusta-
vus Adolphus College, St. Peter,
Minnesota, became converted to the
gospel, along with her children.
Now at Columbia University, New
York, working for a master's degree
in mental health and psychiatric
nursing, she has been awarded the
United States Public Health stipend
(\$2,400) for advanced study in her
useful field.

IN Waco, Texas, Baylor University
recently honored Mrs. Ruth
Schick Montgomery—an alumna of
its journalism department—as “an
outstanding champion of truth and
freedom.” A correspondent for In-
ternational News Service in Wash-
ington, D. C., she was awarded the
honorary degree of doctor of laws.

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE,
eighty-four, last surviving grand-
daughter of Queen Victoria, died in
London December 7. The Royal
Princess, democratic in manners
and adventurous in spirit, traveled
widely and wrote several books
about her journeys.

ZARA NELSOVA, one of the
world's greatest cellists, was
guest soloist with the Utah Sym-
phony in the Tabernacle for the
world premiere of Dr. Leroy Rob-
ertson's “Concerto for Cello and
Orchestra.” *The New York Times*
comments that she “can swarm all
over the finger board without let-
ting a single note drop. Few of
her male colleagues can claim as
much.”

MRS. GWEN (JAMES H.)
SHERRAT of Cedar City,
celebrated the centennial of the
handcart pioneers by creating a
handcart quilt with much original-
ity and artistry. She stenciled six-
teen blocks with textile paints, de-
picting the activities of the hand-
cart women: laundering, cooking,
combing hair, patching children's
threadbare trousers, mourning for
the dying, and, lastly, bowing their
heads in prayerful thanksgiving for
safe arrival in the Valley. The
quilt took first prize at the Iron
County Fair and also at the Utah
State Fair.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44

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NO. 2

A Step Aside

IN life, which may become pre-dominated with numberless daily tasks and responsibilities, discouragement comes easily; a gallant attitude may be lost and goals not realized. Objective thinking is oftentimes absorbed into the whirlpool of circumstantial emotional thoughts and, losing sight of the end, we may begin to think that the means are all important. It is then that we might step aside to take a different view.

In the fall of the year, the grove of aspen on the mountain is a patch of gold in the brilliant color scheme of autumn. We view it as a whole unit. Within the grove, the trees stand out singly each with its own characteristics, and each tree, when considered by itself, is not perfect. We may not think that it contributes much because of details which we would call defects. Nevertheless, with the others, it produces a patch of beauty on the mountains.

The opportunity isn't ours to step physically aside from life to get a different view of our own life with all the experiences blending together to make a complete and beautiful pattern. Each day a new situation arises in family life which carries its own importance. Sometimes, necessary daily tasks take on so much added meaning that their accomplishment appears to be an end in itself. Our attitudes are so in-

fluenced by these daily events that our values may become changed. As a result, many times the ultimate end or goal is lost from view.

However, we can take that step spiritually aside from life to view events, attitudes, and other elements in our pattern of life, if we will. To do so we should carefully analyze each element in the pattern of our life in view of its significance and ascertain its value by the true standards of measurements we have — those standards of measurements which are included in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The step spiritually aside can bring beauty into the pattern along with an appreciation for those small or simple things which are around each day — the sunrise, the plant life, the intricate structure of objects, and myriads of other details. In *Gospel Doctrine* (pp. 358-9) this thought is inspirationally stated:

We should never be discouraged in those daily tasks which God has ordained to the common lot of man. Each day's labor should be undertaken in a joyous spirit and with the thought and conviction that our happiness and eternal welfare depend upon doing well that which we ought to do, that which God has made it our duty to do. Many are unhappy because they imagine that they should be doing something unusual or something phenomenal. Some people would rather be the blossom of a tree and be admiringly seen than be an endur-

ing part of the tree and live the commonplace life of the tree's existence.

"Let us not be trying to substitute an artificial life for the true one. He is truly happy who can see and appreciate the beauty with which God has adorned the commonplace things of life.

Moments spent stepping aside in

spiritual meditation can restore and strengthen faith, give us new meaning in life, and fresh courage and confidence to go forward, bringing security and stability to our thoughts and actions — knowing that "the threads of life will run appointed ways."—J.N.

Birthday Congratulations to Amy Brown Lyman, Former Relief Society General President

WE extend birthday congratulations and best wishes this February 7th, to our beloved former president, Amy Brown Lyman. Relief Society members in the stakes and missions of the Church are grateful for the many years of devoted service she has given to the work of Relief Society. Her presence was appreciated at the recent annual general conference of Relief Society, at the dedicatory services for the Relief Society Building, and at the reception for stake and mission officers. May she be blessed in the service she continues to give as literature class leader in her ward. Her devotion to Relief Society is an example to all.

Dawn Castle

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Dawn shone on hills along the west
While east was draped in shrouds.
An amber halo crowned each crest
Beneath the smoke-blue clouds.

It thinned the sky to lucent green
And glowed with golden light,
As though tomorrow could be seen
While earth was blue with night.

Agleam with dawn, the flour mill
Was radiant and grand,
A golden castle on a hill
Called up from storyland.

Recipes From the Netherlands Mission

Submitted by Ada S. Van Dam

RED CABBAGE (Roode Kool)

Recipe given by Adriana Van der Waal

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 medium-sized head red cabbage | salt and pepper to taste |
| 1 large sour apple | water |
| ¼ c. uncooked rice | 1 tbsp. vinegar |
| ¼ tsp. cloves | |

Prepare the cabbage for cooking and then wash and shred. Cut the apple into slices, add the rice and cloves and enough water to cover. Steam for about two hours. Mash and add vinegar to restore color. Serve hot.

CARROT, POTATO, AND ONION STEW (Hutspot)

Recipe given by Mevrouw Kraaij, cook at the Mission Home

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| 3 lbs. large winter carrots | 4 lbs. boiled potatoes |
| 2 lbs. onions | salt to taste |

Add water to the sliced carrots and onions and cook about two hours. Then add the boiled potatoes and salt. Mash and serve with goulash gravy.

GOULASH GRAVY

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 lbs. beef cubes | ¼ lb. butter or margarine |
| 1 onion | 1 bay leaf |

Brown the beef and onion. Add the bay leaf while browning the beef and onion, and then add water.

Thicken with flour, salt, pepper, and water mixed to a smooth paste. Simmer two hours and serve over the Hutspot.

Note: During the Spanish Inquisition, the people of the city of Leiden were on the verge of starvation. Their mayor, Burgemeister Adrian Van der Werf, heroically refused to let the people surrender. Just at the point of desperation, the Dutch were successful in breaking a dike, thus flooding the Spanish soldiers and forcing their hasty retreat. A little Dutch boy found some of the enemy's camp fires still burning on a little hill where the water had not reached. Hanging over the fires were kettles of "Hutspot" that the soldiers were cooking for their supper. It was the first good food they had seen for weeks. On October 3d, Hutspot is still eaten in Holland, in memory of the brave people who had fought in the siege of Leiden.

SAUERKRAUT (Zuurkool Stamppot)

Recipe given by Marie Mook

Use equal parts of sauerkraut and potatoes boiled separately. Mash potatoes. Combine potatoes and sauerkraut. Add cooked, sliced frankfurters. Season to taste and serve hot.

SPLIT PEA SOUP (Erwtten Soep)

Recipe given by Mevrouw Kraaij

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1 lb. lean pork | 1 celery stalk |
| 1 wienerwurst (substitute frankfurters) | 2 potatoes |
| 1 ½ lbs. split peas | 4 qts. water |
| 4 leeks (substitute onions) | salt to taste |
| celery leaves | |

Pick over peas and wash. Add them to the water and soak for several hours. To this add the finely cut vegetables and cook. When the peas and vegetables are nearly tender, add the pork, and continue cooking. Simmer the wienerwurst separately for about ten minutes, then slice in small pieces and add to soup. Simmer soup for another fifteen minutes and serve hot.

RICE WITH CURRY SAUCE

(Rijst met Kerry Saus)

Recipe by Mevrouw Kraaij

Curry Sauce:

4 bouillon cubes	2 tbsp. butter
1 qt. boiling water	½ onion
1 ⅓ tbsp. flour	1 tsp. curry powder

Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water. Mix gradually and combine the flour with the broth. Brown the diced onion in butter and add to the broth; add curry powder.

Meat balls, seasoned and cooked separately, may be added to the sauce. Simmer for one half hour. Serve over steamed rice.

The following three recipes are served during the Christmas and New Year holidays in the Netherlands.

FRUIT-FILLED PUNCH BOWL

Strawberry or raspberry punch	2 cans tangerines
base diluted with water, 7-Up	banana slices
or Sparkling Water	orange slices
2 cans strawberries	diced apples
2 cans raspberries	chopped nuts, optional
2 cans cherries, pitted	

Add the fruit to the punch base and sparkling water. Serve cold in punch glasses.

OLIEBOLLEN

Recipe given by Mevrouw Kraaij

2 c. flour	½ c. currants and raisins
4 tsp. baking powder	⅓ c. diced glazed fruit
½ tsp. salt	1 medium-sized sour apple, diced
1 c. milk	salad oil for deep fat frying

Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Then add the milk, apple, currants, raisins, and fruit, and mix together, forming a soft dough. Using two teaspoons, drop small amounts of dough into hot oil. Cook until the balls become golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Sprinkle balls with powdered sugar.

APPLE RINGS

(Appelbiegnets)

Recipe given by Mevrouw Kraaij

1 c. flour	1 scant c. milk
1 tsp. baking powder	6 sour apples
¼ tsp. salt	salad oil

Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Then add the milk, making a batter in which to dip the slices of apples. Each apple, uncored, should be sliced into about six slices. Cook the apple slices in the hot oil until the apple rings are golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve while warm.

A Flag for Utah Statehood

Margaret G. Derrick

MANY people now living have probably never heard this little bit of history of the time when Utah became a state. I was then twenty years of age and took a small part in the making of this historical event.

The people of Utah had waited long and patiently to enter the Union. At last the time had arrived. On January 4th, 1896, Utah was to become a state. There was a great deal of excitement in the anticipation of this event. Everyone seemed busy making ready for the big celebration that was to take place in the famous Tabernacle in Salt Lake City on Temple Square.

People traveled many days from all parts of Utah to attend. Some came in surreys; some came in wagon boxes; some came on hayracks partly filled with hay to feed their horses.

They parked their teams back of what was then the tithing office, which stood where the Hotel Utah now stands.

Committees were appointed to prepare for this long-awaited event. One committee was headed by Hyrum B. Clawson, a bishop of one of the wards. He said, "We will make an American flag, so the people of Utah will see for the first time the forty-fifth star, the Utah star, placed on the blue ground of our beloved American flag."

This flag was marked and cut out by my brother, David Glade, and was to be made on the high-powered machines in the Z. C. M. I. Clothing Factory. The flag was to be

150 feet long and seventy-five feet wide. The stripes were to be six feet in width, the stars, six feet from tip to tip. These dimensions were handed me by my brother on a little card that is now yellow with age.

Six women were asked to make this flag. I was the youngest of the group. The other five were considerably older than I. The flag was made of good bunting and every seam was felled to give it strength. Placing the stars on the blue ground was the hardest and the most tedious part of the work. The blue ground was cut in blocks. Each block was large enough to contain a star; then the blocks were joined together. By this method we were able to do a better job of placing the stars in straight rows. It took one week for us, working eight to ten hours a day, to make the flag. When it was finished, it took eight strong men to lift it.

We who worked on the flag were not told where it was to be placed. We knew it could not be placed on a flag pole. We were soon to find out that it was to be placed in the Tabernacle to form a ceiling. The blue ground was placed near the large organ, that is, in the north-west part of the Tabernacle. There were nine feet of space between the dome of the Tabernacle and the flag. When the air circulated through this space it caused the flag to ripple across the ceiling.

What a beautiful sight!

ON the momentous day, I watched the flag as it rippled across the ceiling and tears filled my eyes and a

lump came into my throat. I felt this flag was saying, "Proudly I wave over you, home of the brave and land of the free." Utah was certainly a home of brave pioneers who had suffered and come here to have freedom to worship.

It came time for the ceremonies to begin. A large electric light had been placed back of the Utah star. The audience was seated and attention given to the speaker. Then the light was turned on, and the Utah star shone out bright and beautiful. The people wept with joy and were filled with humility, when they saw the Utah star with the stars of the other forty-four states of the Union. The dream of the people of Utah had come true. For the first time, the Utah star took its place on the blue ground of our beloved flag. Patience and hard work had been rewarded.

For many years this flag had the distinct honor of being the largest flag ever made. Not until recent years have we heard of one larger.

The flag stayed on the ceiling of the Tabernacle for one and one-half years. It was then taken down and placed on the south outside wall of the temple, covering the en-

tire south wall. That was for July 24th, 1897 — celebrating fifty years since the coming of the first pioneers. We last saw the flag adorning the temple. Many prominent people have tried to find out what became of this flag, but have not succeeded.

Sixty years ago there was no place to store such an immense thing. Families of five and six members were living in three small rooms. Wherever it could have been placed it would have deteriorated.

This beautiful flag served well the purpose for which it was made. Many hearts were filled with joy and happiness as they looked upon it.

As I write this, I am the only one living today who helped to make that flag that was the first to carry the forty-fifth star, the Utah star. I hope my grandchildren will remember that their grandmother sewed love into this famous flag.

Let us all remember, as American citizens, that we are all makers of our beloved flag, for it is the symbol of faith, courage, and the love of God and our country in the hearts of each individual. May we always live up to these ideals.

New Serial "The Bright Star" to Begin in March

A new serial "The Bright Star," by Dorothy S. Romney will begin in the March issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. With the Golden Gate, California, as its setting, the story tells of Kathy Tracy's search into the past to find her parents, and her integrity and courage in planning the course of her future. Dorothy S. Romney, the author, has previously been represented in the *Magazine* during 1954 and 1955 with her serial "Contentment Is a Lovely Thing." Mrs. Romney was born in Logan, Utah, and attended Utah State Agricultural College. She is the widow of Elmer Romney and the mother of a thirteen-year-old son. Her stories and plays have appeared in many juvenile publications.



Mary E. Jones Dalton Finds Happiness in Her Hobbies

ALTHOUGH Mary E. Jones Dalton, Roy, Utah, is past eighty nine years old, she never neglects her hobbies, or her "real" work.

Making quilts is an activity which she calls her "incessant" hobby, and the exquisite tulip pattern illustrated in the picture is one of her favorite designs. This pattern enables Mrs. Jones to experiment with contrasting colors and with various tints of the same color in designing the tulip bouquets in their "pottery bowls." She also crochets exquisite gifts in lacy starched designs and the popular "upstanding" patterns. Knitting and rug making are long-time hobbies, which provide some of the most useful gifts which Mrs. Jones so much enjoys giving to her many friends and relatives.

She is the mother of nine children, grandmother to twenty-seven, great grandmother to fifty-six, and great-great-grandmother to eleven. She keeps up her own five-room home, rents an apartment, attends all her meetings, does temple work, and manifests such a keen and joyous interest in life that she "cuts circles" around many younger people. She has visited every temple except the Hawaiian, and the temple in Bern, Switzerland.

When Portals Close

Mabel Law Atkinson

How beautiful are those we love
When finite portals gently close
And precious memories unfold
Like petals of a perfect rose!

Bitter Medicine

PART 2

Olive W. Burt

Synopsis: Helen Lund for some time has been worried about a neighbor, May Turner, whose habit of gossiping may cause trouble in the community. At a P. T. A. meeting, May tries to find out how the Carlsons financed a new Cadillac. Helen refuses to offer any information, but May hints that the car may have been financed by a crooked business deal.

HELEN Lund did manage to forget about May Turner and her gossipy innuendoes for several days. Then, suddenly, she was brought face to face with them again.

She was sewing a little costume for Jill to wear in the Primary playlet when the telephone rang. She lifted the receiver to hear Tess Carlson's voice, high-pitched and almost hysterical.

"Helen? Helen, I'm so glad you're home. I'm coming right over. I've got to talk to you!"

"Of course, Tess. Come on."

Tess didn't wait for anything more. She slammed down her receiver and Helen, somewhat mystified, slowly replaced her own receiver in the cradle. Two minutes later Tess was at the door.

As soon as Helen saw her neighbor's face her curiosity changed to alarm.

"What is it, Tess? Has something happened to Jamie? Or to Jim? What is it?"

"Oh, Helen, it's awful! I don't know what to do! I called Marge Lewis and she said to talk to you, you might know what it's all about. She said she saw you and May Turner talking at the P. T. A.

meeting and afterward someone said you were talking about Jim. . . ."

Helen's face flushed, and she was about to say, "I wasn't talking!" But before she could get the words said, Tess went on, "Someone's been saying awful things about Jim—just because he bought a new car. . . ."

"Well, if that's all," Helen interrupted, "you needn't get upset about it. It can't matter much."

"Oh, can't it?" Tess cried. "You just don't know, Helen. Somehow Mr. Nestor—he's head of the law firm, you know, where Jim works—well, somehow he heard something. Goodness knows what! But this morning he called Jim into his office and said, 'What's this I hear about your being mixed up in some crooked uranium deal?'"

"Oh, no!" Helen exclaimed. "It's not possible, Tess! It's just not possible!"

Tess nodded her head and tears filled her eyes. "That's what he said to Jim—to my Jim! And Jim just stood there with his mouth open. He didn't know what Mr. Nestor was talking about, and when he told Mr. Nestor he didn't have any idea what he was getting at, he still acted suspicious."

Tess flopped down onto the settee and began to sob. "Jim phoned me. He's awfully upset, and I called Marge to see if she'd heard anything and she told me to talk to you. Oh, Helen, what is it? Crooked uranium deal—I never heard of

such a thing! We don't even have any uranium stock, or anything!"

"Listen, Tess," Helen said quietly. "Let me tell you exactly what was said at the P.T.A. meeting, and maybe we can get some idea. . . ."

Briefly she outlined May's attempts to extract information and the woman's carelessly tossed bait that Jim must have made some money in a crooked uranium deal.

"She didn't really mean it, Tess. She was just saying that to try to get something out of me. It was too silly. I guess some of the women standing nearby could have heard her, but no one — not a single soul would believe it for a minute. We all know Jim"

"Well, someone believed it and passed it on for the truth. And somehow it got to Mr. Nestor, and now, maybe, Jim will not be made a partner."

"Not on a mere rumor like that, Tess. You tell Jim exactly what happened and have him explain it to Mr. Nestor. Tell him to keep calm, treat it for just what it is, some gossipy woman's careless remark. Everything will be all right. I know it will, Tess. Jim isn't home now, is he?"

Tess shook her head.

"Well, then, dry your eyes. I've just made a lemon-meringue pie, your favorite, Tess. I'll go cut us each a slice, and we can think about something more pleasant than that silly talk."

Tess couldn't resist the comfort of Helen's delicious pie, but she wasn't entirely consoled. As she ate, she said thoughtfully, "Something ought to be done, Helen. Really. It's getting past a joke — we simply can't keep on ignoring

this sort of thing. May Turner will have to be cured!" The tears flooded her eyes again.

Helen shook her head determinedly. "The best way to cure this is to ignore it," she advised. "Believe me, Tess, that's the only thing to do. I know none of our crowd would repeat anything malicious — and you know it, too. We'll just forget May and all her talk."

HELEN had reason to wonder about the wisdom of this advice a day or two later. Jill was ensconced in their cheerful kitchen eating her after-school snack while Helen balanced a cake on one hand, as with the other, she swirled rich frosting over the sides. Jill watched her mother, her eyes big and round as she munched a cookie and washed it down with milk.

Finally she asked casually, "Mommy, when is Daddy going to jail?"

Helen gave a start and nearly dropped the cake. She stared at her daughter, open-mouthed. Then, remembering that the first duty of a parent was to show no alarm over a child's questions, she smiled cheerfully. "What a silly question, Jill!"

"It's not silly, Mommy. Teddy Turner told me at school. He said Daddy might go to jail any day now, and he wants to know if he can go with us when we go to visit him, 'cause Teddy's never seen the inside of a jail."

"Neither have you, darling, and neither have I, and neither has Daddy. And we never shall, I imagine. Teddy was teasing you, Jill."

"No, he wasn't teasing, Mommy. He told me. He said he heard his

mommy talking on the phone and she said she wouldn't be s'prised if Daddy was found out and sent to jail. What did he do, Mommy, to be found out?"

Helen set the cake down carefully. She waited a moment to get control of the surprised anger that flared through her whole being. Then, forcing her voice to sound casual and unconcerned, she said, "Teddy's a joker, darling. His mommy was just playing a game. You shouldn't listen to such silly things."

"How can I help listening when Teddy is talking straight to me?" Jill asked reasonably. "All the kids were listening, too. We couldn't help it. And he wasn't playing a game. . . ."

"Jill, listen to Mommy. When folks say things like that they are playing a game — a silly, naughty game. They're trying to make you scared or angry." She sat down beside her daughter. "Look at Mommy, Jill. You've seen naughty boys tease a kitten, haven't you? Just to make it squirm or squeal?" Jill nodded thoughtfully. "Well, Teddy was just teasing you. But instead of pulling your hair to make you cry, he just told you stories to make you excited about Daddy. They were just stories, Jill."

"You mean lies, Mommy?"

"Yes," Helen said firmly. "They were lies, naughty lies. Now you drink up your milk and skedaddle outside. It's a lovely afternoon for jumping the rope."

BUT when Jill was outside, Helen sat down and stared at the wall. Pay no attention, she had told Tess the other day and Jill today. Pay

no attention. But what good was that doing? May Turner's gossiping was getting out of hand. When it threatened a man's job, when it invaded the school playground, something must be done. Obviously, paying no attention was too mild a pill for May's disease. Something stronger was required.

And it was imperative that something be done immediately. With the school bazaar coming up, the P.T.A. members would be thrown together day after day in work sessions. May would have unusual opportunities to carry on her malicious work.

And how vicious it was! Helen thought, wrathfully. Just because she had refused to discuss a neighbor's affairs, her whole family was being involved — Tony and Jill, absolutely innocent victims. May must have been spreading her poison by the telephone route. Helen could almost hear her, "Oh, Josephine, have you heard what everyone is saying? I don't believe it, of course—it's just gossip. But then, where there's smoke there's fire, I always say. And there certainly is smoke! No, I wouldn't want you to repeat it. I never say anything but good about my neighbors," and then a malicious giggle. "Listen. . . ."

Helen shook herself angrily. Yes, something must be done. Her eyes shifted from their fixed gaze at the wall and roamed around the room, seeking inspiration, help. But there was nothing in that bright, gay kitchen, filled with sunlight and the good smell of cooking, to suggest how to combat this dark evil.

Helen's eyes came to the window,

where her colored glass reflected the afternoon sun in myriad colors. She smiled in spite of her worry, as she always smiled when she looked at that pretty window with its old glass, much of which had been toted across the plains by her own ancestors.

And then suddenly her roving glance stopped and settled on a little figurine that stood between the two red cologne bottles of her own great-grandmother.

It was a cheap little ornament that her grandmother had given her when she was no older than Jill. She had treasured it ever since, and had placed it there among her colored glass so that she could see it every day. She smiled now, remembering what her grandmother had said.

"Keep this where you can always see it, Helen, and it will help you

to be the kind of girl Grandma will be proud of."

Helen went to the window and lifted down the little ornament. Holding it in her hands she repeated aloud her grandmother's words. "These three little monkeys have names, Helen. They are: Hear-No-Evil, See-No-Evil, and Speak-No-Evil. Make them your friends and your example."

Suddenly Helen laughed, a clear, ringing laugh.

"Yes, Grandma, darling," she said, "your three little monkeys have been a great help in keeping me from gossip. And now, perhaps, they will help someone else. For I have an idea! Thanks Grandma, thanks!"

Smiling, Helen replaced the three little monkeys in their accustomed place on the window shelf.

(To be concluded)

The Voice of Peace

Isabelle Jensen

Oh, listen to the voice of peace;
It fills the courts above,
And whispers in the lonely vales
Of thy redeeming love.
On every leaf and tuft of moss,
It scribes a pledge divine,
Points to the vales beyond the grave
Beyond the sands of time.

Oh, listen to the voice of peace;
The sylvan echoes clear
Reach out beyond the ebbing tide,
To noble spirits dear.
The minstrels waft it far and wide,
On life's unbounded shore;
Oh, listen to the voice of peace,
Till time shall be no more.

Candy for Valentine's Day

Mary J. Wilson

MOLASSES TAFFY

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 c. sugar | 3 tbsp. butter |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ c. water | 1 tsp. vinegar |
| 1 c. light molasses | $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt |

Mix sugar, molasses, salt, vinegar, and water in pan. Cook to 242°F . (firm ball). Add butter and cook to 265° (very hard ball). Pour into lightly buttered shallow pans, let stand undisturbed until cool enough to handle. Butter hands lightly, pull until candy has a satin-like finish and is elastic. Pull out into thin rolls, cut with scissors, then wrap in wax paper.

ICELAND MOSS (Hard Candy)

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| 4 c. sugar | 1 tbsp. anise extract |
| 2 c. white syrup | red coloring |
| 1 c. water | |

Combine sugar, syrup, and water and cook to 310° . Do not stir while cooking. Add anise extract and desired red coloring. Mix well. Pour onto marble slab. When slightly cooled, pass well-oiled candy knife under the mass of candy. Cut into squares. Wrap each piece individually.

STUFFED DATE DROPS

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 lb. pitted dates (about 70) | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sifted flour |
| 1 egg | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder |
| 13 oz. package pecan nuts | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ c. shortening | $\frac{1}{2}$ c. commercial sour cream |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ c. brown sugar | |

Stuff dates with nut halves. Cream shortening and sugar until light. Beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with sour cream to creamed mixture. Stir in dates, drop on greased cookie sheet, a date per cookie, and bake in 400° oven for eight to ten minutes. Cool and top with panocha icing.

PANOCHA ICING

- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| 1 c. brown sugar (packed) | $\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ c. milk | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 c. confectioner's sugar |

Melt butter in saucepan. Add brown sugar. Boil over low heat two minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in milk. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Cool to lukewarm. Gradually add confectioner's sugar. Beat until thick enough to spread. If icing becomes too stiff, add a little hot water.

Attic Treasure

Maude Rubin

Paper lace — a bleeding heart
Pierced by Daniel Cupid's dart—
Clasping hands, forget-me-nots,
A dove of peace for happy thoughts—
Faded writing, cramped and fine—
All on Grandma's valentine!

I Explore the Upstairs

Zipporah Layton Stewart

IT'S lonesome up there now—but the rooms are filled with things and memories that “bless and burn.” Guess I never would go up those well-worn steps again, if it were not to lay away a quilt or to spray mothproofener on the blankets that are stored on the closet shelves, and seldom used now that the boys and Mary are gone away.

It's an interesting place up there. Somehow, through the years I have never cared to change or make it modern and pretty, as most folks have done with unused bedrooms. The scars of electric train tracks and mechanical toys are on the linoleum floors, and, in a large dark closet under the roof, two electric trains and yards and yards of shining track silently wait to be polished and oiled and played with again. In that same attic closet, a dozen or more automobiles, perfect replicas of past models, are waiting. Then there are the windup toys — Amos and Andy and their famous Ford, a negro toe dancer, and a large singing top, waiting patiently to be wound up again to thrill a younger generation who may play with them and find interest and curiosity in their antiquated styles and colors.

In an old steamer trunk at one end of the long closet, I peek in at Mary's dolls — dolls of the past, baby “wetum” dolls, dolls of other nations, character dolls, a pretty standup doll, with a blue dress given her by the captain on the “Lurline,” and, last, the lovely keepsake “Horseman” doll sent to her from Hawaii

by John when he was on his mission. They, too, wait patiently in the trunk for a new little girl's arms to love and play with them again.

Hanging on the wall and in corners of this large closet are boxing gloves, fencing swords, a bow made from Osage orange, and a quiver filled with arrows, waiting since Boy Scout days to be used again. On the long high closet shelf I find some tennis shoes, a pair of track shoes — and one pretty pair of white shoe skates — Mary's last pair before she went away to college. Hanging on the long rod beneath the shelf, along with costumes and other clothes, are some pretty evening gowns and three or four lovely bridesmaids' dresses; one especially pretty lavender taffeta, a soft, creamy yellow one, and the pink and white net worn at Helen's and Dick's wedding during wartime when taffetas and satin were not so plentiful. These, now old-fashioned frocks, are just waiting. I love to touch them, and caress their soft, silky folds. They, too, bring a flood of pleasant memories, and, for some reason, I do not care to use them for the material alone.

Two bedrooms open up together. They were the places where the boys slept, and the neighbor boys played on stormy days. The beds are made up with fresh linen now waiting to be occupied by their original owners when they return on an occasional visit.

The bookshelves along one end of the west room are filled with all

the books of their childhood days. Mother Goose books, Hans Christian Anderson's stories, Arabian Nights stories, beautifully illustrated by Howard Pyle, Joel Chandler Harris' book about Uncle Remus, Bible stories, Robert Louis Stevenson's stories, and poems and books about animals by Ernest Thompson Seton. At the other end, are shelves with books of high school and college days, the classics, law books, art books, a few fine old novels and books on war and adventure — books and stories to satisfy the interests of all of them, waiting to be opened, read, and loved again.

THE walls of these two bedrooms are interesting, too. They are not adorned with pretty pictures, but with framed certificates, and diplomas from high school and college, Priesthood quorum awards, fraternity initiation certificates, law school diplomas, and, hanging proudly above them all, a certificate of life membership in the National Rifleman's Association issued to one boy in 1949. In a small drawer in the dresser of the west room I find a number of prized trophies from small arms clubs and rifle and pistol associations. In another larger drawer I see the gas masks used by John and Dick when they were gunners on B-12 bombers during the war, and, tucked in a corner of this same drawer, is a small black book with a diary or log of Dick's missions over Germany. A brief story of each mission is outlined, telling the target, the weather, the take-off, his personal feelings, and results. The last story is not complete, and I remember that on this mission they were shot down over Germany

and did not return to the base in England. For a moment I find myself pausing to thank God that his life was spared through that terrible ordeal.

In another drawer I find the precious war letters tied in a tight bundle with a string. Among them I find the cablegrams sent on our birthdays and Mother's and Father's Days. Those yellow slips of paper reminded us that we were never forgotten. They were so very young and so far away. Not all of the letters are in this bundle, just the ones I especially wanted to keep, the more intimate ones—when each boy seemed to pour out his heart a bit about his religion or his longing for home, or a farewell letter as he was departing for overseas. These letters, though not so postmarked, came from all over the world. In this drawer, also, I find three certificates of honorable release from the Air Corps and Navy and a few badges and trophies for deeds well done while they were serving their country.

In another trunk in the far end of the closet I open and look over and spray with mothproofer two Army Air Corps suits and one beautiful suit of navy blue with overcoat to match made from Australian wool and purchased especially for Birge to come home in. Yes, that trunk is filled with memories, too.

Well I could reminisce forever telling about the treasures and memories in those upstairs rooms. Guess I'll go up those stairs again and again, when I feel a bit sentimental, and want another visit with Mary and the boys.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES



Photograph submitted by Phyllis D. Smith

GULF STATES MISSION, SOUTH TEXAS DISTRICT RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR CONFERENCE AT CORPUS CHRISTI, October 21, 1956

Front row, seated, beginning second from the left: Nancy Elliff, President, Corpus Christi Branch Relief Society; Phyllis D. Smith, President, Gulf States Mission Relief Society; Mae Pool, President, South Texas District Relief Society, and chorister for this group; Mary Toyn, President, Victoria, Texas, Branch Relief Society.

Shirley Clifton at the organ.

President Phyllis D. Smith reports that this group presented the music for the conference sessions when Elder Alma Sonne and Sister Sonne visited the mission.



Submitted by Mabel H. Pond

**BENSON STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTIERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR
STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 28, 1956**

"All nine wards of Benson Stake were represented in the Singing Mothers chorus of eighty voices, that presented music at both general sessions of stake conference in October," reports Mabel H. Pond, President, Benson Stake Relief Society. Leora Smith directed the chorus, with Myrl Kendell as pianist, and Adonia Dennis as organist.



Submitted by Roma C. Esplin

**ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH). LEEDS WARD VISITING TEACHERS
ESTABLISH ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR SEVEN YEARS
December 1956**

Front row, left to right: Etta Mariger; Margaret Hartley; Drue Bradshaw; Ruth Porter; Dallice Hartman (deceased since picture was taken); Ethel Stirling; Hazel McMullin.

Second row, left to right: Karma Sorenson, Blanche Eastman; Jessie Eagar; Ellen Savage; Lula Sullivan; Geraldine Stirling; Ethel George; Helen Stirling.

Back row, left to right: Evelyn McMullin, President, Leeds Ward Relief Society; Rose Hartley; Wilma Beal; Marguerite Smith; Pearl Hafen; Kate Allen; Maida Sullivan.

Visiting teachers not in the picture but who helped in achieving this record are Louise Stirling, Mildred Dalton, Daisy Boulton, Thelma Holden, Zella Allen, Tana Sullivan, Lillian Stratton, Iris Millett.

Roma C. Esplin is president of St. George Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Edith Hubbard

BANNOCK STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, seated, beginning third from the left: Shirley Hubbard, pianist; Edsel Prescott, organist; Edith Hubbard, President, Bannock Stake Relief Society; Ruth Jenkins, director of the chorus.

Sister Hubbard reports that all five wards of Bannock Stake were represented in this chorus. "These busy mothers have prepared music for the fall conference for the past five years."



Photograph submitted by Lenore G. Merrill

LONG BEACH STAKE (CALIFORNIA). LONG BEACH FOURTH WARD OPENING SOCIAL IN FORM OF A POLITICAL CONVENTION

September 25, 1956

Seated in front, at the right: Maude Rowan, President, Long Beach Fourth Ward Relief Society; Arden Arnold, social science class leader; Katherine Poole, literature class leader, who planned and wrote the program for the social.

Sister Rowan reports the successful efforts of this ward in securing an increase in membership: "We started our membership drive by dividing our visiting teaching districts into eleven groups, giving each a name. . . Each chairman selected a color from construction paper and made a campaign button for each of her group to wear. Large banners were made for each group, and also three slogan banners. . . Each chairman

personally visited each woman on her district besides the regular visiting teachers going to see the ladies. We sent out invitations also, and then there was a notice in our Sunday pamphlet. Notice was also given from the pulpit, that every lady was invited. . . . We made a beautiful banner of blue satin trimmed in gold fringe and gold lettering. This will be hung on the wall and each group that has the largest attendance that week will have its name on the banner. We will have rallies during the year. There were two parties—the Relief Society Party and the Excuse Party. When all ballots were counted, the Relief Society party had 102 votes and the Excuse Party, one vote."

Lenore G. Merrill is president of Long Beach Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Sylvia Stone

TONGAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT VISITS SCATTERED ISLAND RELIEF SOCIETIES, November 1956

Sister Sylvia Stone, President, Tongan Mission Relief Society, writes about the modes of travel which she uses to visit the meetings of Relief Society sisters on the various Tongan islands. She reports: ". . . on the main island we have a car that takes us to most of the branches; there are a few, however, to which we have to walk during the rainy season. . . . This picture was taken on the island of Eua, the only Tongan island with mountain streams. . . . I have had no alternative so I have made the trip horseback. On this occasion two Catholic sisters, who are from America . . . heard I was coming and sent their buggy for me to ride in. About half way we passed their home, they had the American flag waving from their window and invited us in to have a dish of ice cream. . . . We were able to hold a wonderful conference with the saints there, and I was happy to hear of their work in the Relief Society."

In the picture, left to right, are the driver; Sister Stone; Lois Humphries; Fred W. Stone, President, Tongan Mission; E. Morton, with Lavina Bird, behind Brother Morton.



Photograph submitted by Nannah C. Stokes

IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSICAL
NUMBERS FOR STAKE CONFERENCE AND TRI-STATE CONVENTION
October 1956

Evelyn Hook, stake organist, and Edna Johnson, stake chorister, are seated on the front row at right.

Nannah C. Stokes, President, Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports the activities of the Singing Mothers: "This chorus furnished the music for the October stake quarterly conference. They also sang two numbers at a tri-stake convention in August. There are seventy members in the chorus; however, all were not present when the picture was taken."



Submitted by Zina R. Engebretsen

NORWEGIAN MISSION, BERGEN BRANCH, SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT
MUSIC FOR DISTRICT CONFERENCE, November 1956

Front row, left to right: Selma Grimstad; Ragnhild Sunde; Jenny Lohne; Zina R.

Engebretsen, President, Norwegian Mission Relief Society; Linea Hansen; Annie B. Olsen; Mary Pedersen.

Second row, left to right: Ella M. Synnestvedt; Elly Michelsen; Inger Hoff; Berith Folkedel; Gunvor Watne; Odlaug Mork Pedersen; Inger Olsen; Milly Bjorndal, conductor.

Back row, left to right: Margit Michelsen; Edith Pedersen; Turid Waage; Klara Hitland; Ellen Andreasen; Anna Fluge.

Sister Engebretsen reports that this is the "first Singing Mother group ever to sing for any occasion in the Norwegian Mission. The group is from Bergen, one of the larger branches on the west coast of Norway."



Photograph submitted by Annie B. Larson

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, EDMONTON SECOND BRANCH CONDUCTS SUCCESSFUL CHILDREN'S FASHION SHOW AND BAZAAR, November 3, 1956

Sister Annie B. Larson, President of the Western Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports that a very successful bazaar was held by the Relief Society of Edmonton Second Branch on November 3, 1956, under the direction of Sister Hattie Jensen, President of Edmonton Second Branch Relief Society, and her counselors, Marguerite Low and Ella Sherwood.

Sister Larson writes: "The bazaar featured a children's fashion show (shown in the picture), a sale of children's clothing, handwoven baskets, copper tooling, petit-point, quilts, embroidered linens, aprons, lingerie, homemade candies and baked goods, doll clothes, cookbooks, and novelties. There was a fish pond for the children. A delicious lunch was served.

"The purpose of the Bazaar was two-fold: to raise necessary funds to carry on the work of the organization and to sponsor love and good fellowship among the sisters by working in unity for a common cause."



Photograph submitted by Rita H. Stone

SAMOAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY DISTRICT PRESIDENTS

Front row, seated, left to right: Alisa Fitisemanu, Vaiola District; Lisi Su'a, Falelima District; Sia'a Purcell, Siumu District; Vaovai Tu'ala, Vailuutai District; Mua Lulualii, Malie District.

Back row, standing, left to right: Pelese Nunn, Manu'a District; Usuia Alofipo Toso, Fagamalo District; Mele Tafua, Mapusaga District; Taupaolo Togia'i, Sauniatu District; Valila Fonoti, Pago Pago District; Alataua Soli, Pesega District; Jane Moors, Secretary, Samoan Mission Relief Society; Rita H. Stone, President, Samoan Mission Relief Society.

Sister Stone reports: "Our Relief Society conference was very inspirational. We have an enrollment of 646 in the Samoan Islands of the Mission, and there were 456 present at the meeting. Each district was represented by its Singing Mothers group. It was a thrill to have them all together."

It Is Love

Gene Romolo

It is love that knows the word to speak,
To increase hope and courage in the meek.
Love's inspiration creates smiles and song,
And helps us cleave to right and conquer wrong.

It is love that glorifies each day,
And sees some good in all along life's way—
Even those whose feet have never trod
The faith-paved way that leads mankind to God.

It is love that tunes the soul to be
In harmony with tones of Deity—
For it is only love that can impart
A Christ-like fortitude unto the heart.



LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 48—"A New Witness for Christ"

Elder Leland H. Monson

For Tuesday, May 7, 1957

Objective: To show that firm testimonies of the divinity of Christ and rich blessings come to those who study The Book of Mormon with a prayerful heart and practice its teachings in their lives.

NOW that we have completed our study of The Book of Mormon and have read its pages according to the instructions of Moroni, we are entitled to the promised blessings:

And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost (Moroni 10:4).

We should not expect the fulfillment of the promise, however, if we have not met all of the conditions. We must have asked the Eternal Father "... with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ ..." and we must have read the book.

As we contemplate the message of this great book, we should be-

come convinced that Latter-day Saints do not need to rely upon external evidence, powerful as it is, to gain a testimony of the book. We can, from following Moroni's exhortation, know that it is all that it purports to be, a record of the Jaredites and the Nephites and the Lamanites, divinely preserved and brought forth in this, the last dispensation of the fulness of times to reaffirm and re-establish in the minds of men "... that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations ..." (Title Page of The Book of Mormon).

The record contains the fulness of the gospel as delivered to the Nephites, and will, according to the Prophet Joseph Smith, bring us, by following its precepts, nearer to God than any other religious book. The Prophet Joseph Smith wrote:

... I told the brethren that the Book of Mormon was the most correct of any book on earth, and the keystone of our religion, and a man would get nearer to God by abiding by its precepts, than by any other book (*D. H. C. IV*, page 461).

President Joseph F. Smith stated that The Book of Mormon is:

... the only book written which has the personal endorsement of God by His voice (*The Voice From the Dust*).

And President Heber J. Grant, informing us about his experience with The Book of Mormon, wrote:

As a boy of fifteen I read, carefully and prayerfully, the Book of Mormon, and there came into my heart an abiding and firm testimony of its divine authenticity. From that day to this its wonderful teachings have been a comfort, a blessing and a guide to me.

I thank God from the bottom of my heart that I read the life of Nephi in my youth. I fell in love with him then, and his life has influenced mine for good more than that of any other character in ancient history, sacred or profane—save only the Redeemer of the world (*The Voice From the Dust*).

In an article entitled, "Books That Influenced America," a selection was made of the one hundred books printed before 1900 which had the most influence on the life and culture of the American people. In a chronological list of the books appears the name of The Book of Mormon.

This book, however, has not only had an influence upon the lives of Americans, it has influenced all others from the various countries of the world who have accepted its truth and embraced its teachings. In the 126 years since the first edition appeared, over 2,500,000 copies of The Book of Mormon have been

printed. With the possible exception of the Bible, The Book of Mormon has been translated into more languages than has any other book. Currently, editions of the book are available in twenty-one different languages: English, Danish, German, French, Italian, Welsh, Hawaiian, Swedish, Maori, Dutch, Samoan, Tahitian, Turkish, Japanese, Czechoslovakian, Armenian, Portuguese, Tongan, Deseret Alphabet, Spanish, Norwegian and Braille. It has also been translated into Hindoostani, Hebrew, Russian, Finnish, Hungarian, Serbo-Croatian, Filipino, Bulgarian, and Greek. However, it has not, as yet, been published in these languages. Thus we see that The Book of Mormon has gone forth as a messenger of the truth to many peoples of many lands testifying of the divinity and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

The Book of Mormon As a Witness for Christ

Throughout The Book of Mormon history the prophets taught the peoples on this Western Hemisphere about the coming of the Savior, his mission here upon the earth, and the fact that, after his resurrection, he would visit the people on the Western Hemisphere.

On this continent, as on the eastern, Jesus manifested himself from time to time to his faithful servants, before his coming in the flesh. He was the guide of his people, the guardian of the church and the revealer of the mind and will of the Godhead (*Dictionary of The Book of Mormon*, by Elder George Reynolds, page 133, 1954 edition).

When Jesus appeared unto the Nephites in the flesh he did so as a glorified, resurrected Being coming out of the heavens. He

stretched forth his hand to the multitude saying:

... behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me, and have glorified the Father in taking upon me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning.

And it came to pass that when Jesus had spoken these words the whole multitude fell to the earth; for they remembered that it had been prophesied among them that Christ should show himself unto them after his ascension into heaven.

And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto them saying:

Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and I have been slain for the sins of the world.

... and this they did do, going forth one by one until they had all gone forth, and did see with their eyes and did feel with their hands, and did know of a surety and did bear record, that it was he, of whom it was written by the prophets, that should come (3 Nephi 11:11-15).

After Jesus' ministry here upon the earth, he continued to guide and direct the Nephite peoples, manifesting himself from time to time unto his chosen prophets. Moroni testifies of this, for in his farewell to the Gentiles he writes:

And then shall ye know that I have seen Jesus, and that he hath talked with me face to face, and that he told me in plain humility, even as a man telleth another in mine own language, concerning these things:

And now, I would commend you to seek this Jesus of whom the prophets and apostles have written, that the grace

of God the Father, and also the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, which beareth record of them, may be and abide in you forever. Amen (Ether 12:39, 41).

The Book of Mormon As a History

The Book of Mormon is a history of ancient peoples upon the American continent. It portrays their problems and struggles, the exhortations of their prophets and leaders, and the ministry of the resurrected Savior among them as he organized his Church and established its principles and ordinances.

Those principles which governed and promoted successful and happy living among those ancient peoples have not changed. The truths are eternal. Father Lehi, in teaching his children, said, "... men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25); and each succeeding prophet throughout the entire scripture relates how this joy may be obtained, not only in this life but in the life to come. The mighty prophet, Alma, expressed this fundamental truth in these words:

... inasmuch as ye shall keep the commandments of God ye shall prosper in the land ... for I do know that whosoever shall put their trust in God shall be supported in their trials; and their troubles, and their afflictions, and shall be lifted up at the last day (Alma 36:1, 3).

Alma says that through following this advice, "... the Lord doth give me exceeding great joy in the fruit of my labors" (Alma 36:25). (See also Alma 41:5-7; Mosiah 1:7; 2 Nephi 1:20; 1 Nephi 22:31; 1 Nephi 4:14.)

Contents of The Book of Mormon

The Book of Mormon was translated in a little over two months by

a young man in his middle twenties who had relatively little schooling. No human being, regardless of his background, training, and ability could, of himself, have created such a monumental work in so short a time. The book consists of 522 pages and has:

. . . fifteen main parts or divisions, known, with one exception, as books, each designated by the name of its principal author (Book of Mormon, Brief Analysis of The Book of Mormon).

Elder Hugh B. Brown states that it has:

. . . fifty-four chapters dealing with wars, twenty-one historical chapters, fifty-five chapters on visions and prophecies . . . seventy-one chapters on doctrine and exhortation, twenty-one chapters on the ministry of Christ.

As a literary work, Elder Brown points out, The Book of Mormon employs:

. . . figures of speech, similies, metaphors, narrations, exposition, description, oratory, epic, lyric, logic, and parables. . .

For over one hundred years, some of the best students and scholars of the world have been trying to prove from the Bible that the Book of Mormon is false, but not one of them has been able to prove that anything in the Book of Mormon is not in strict harmony with the scriptures, with the Bible and with the Word of God ("The Profile of a Prophet," by Elder Hugh B. Brown).

The Book of Mormon Directed to a Future Generation

The Book of Mormon is probably the only book ever written which is directed to a future, unseen generation. Nephi, the son of Lehi, says of his writings:

Nevertheless, I have received a commandment of the Lord that I should make

these plates, for the special purpose that there should be an account engraven of the ministry of my people.

Upon the other plates should be engraven an account of the reign of the kings, and the wars and contentions of my people; wherefore these plates are for the more part of the ministry; and the other plates are for the more part of the reign of kings and the wars and contentions of my people.

Wherefore, the Lord hath commanded me to make these plates for a wise purpose in him, which purpose I know not (1 Nephi 9:3-5).

The Savior himself said:

. . . write the things which I have told you; and according to the time and the will of the Father they shall go forth unto the Gentiles (3 Nephi 23:4).

The prophet Mormon who abridged the large plates of Nephi and whose son Moroni, completed the writings and sealed them up, did so with the express conviction that they would be discovered and read by a generation which would long succeed them. In his own words, Mormon said:

Now these things are written unto the remnant of the house of Jacob; and they are written after this manner, because it is known of God that wickedness will not bring them forth unto them; and they are to be hid up unto the Lord that they may come forth in his own due time.

And this is the commandment which I have received; and behold, they shall come forth according to the commandment of the Lord, when he shall see fit, in his wisdom (Mormon 5:12-13).

Mormon also knew the book would be brought forth through the Gentiles:

. . . I have written them to the intent that they may be brought again unto this people from the Gentiles, according to

the words which Jesus hath spoken (3 Nephi 26:8).

And Moroni, before he sealed up the records, had this to say:

And it is by faith that my fathers have obtained the promise that these things should come unto their brethren through the Gentiles; therefore the Lord hath commanded me, yea, even Jesus Christ (Ether 12:22).

Prophecies Concerning the Time When the Book Should Be Brought Forth

Moroni, in writing of Ether's prophecies concerning when this book should be brought forth by the Gentiles, in the latter days, writes that this land should become:

... a choice land above all other lands, a chosen land of the Lord; wherefore the Lord would have that all men should serve him who dwell upon the face thereof;

And that it was the place of the New Jerusalem, which should come down out of heaven. . . .

Behold, Ether saw the days of Christ, and he spake . . . that a New Jerusalem should be built up upon this land, unto the remnant of the seed of Joseph, for . . . the Lord brought a remnant of the seed of Joseph out of the land of Jerusalem, that he might be merciful unto the seed of Joseph that they should perish not, even as he was merciful unto the father of Joseph that he should perish not.

Wherefore, the remnant of the house of Joseph shall be built upon this land; and it shall be a land of their inheritance; and they shall build up a holy city unto the Lord, like unto the Jerusalem of old. . . .

And there shall be a new heaven and a new earth; and they shall be like unto the old save the old have passed away, and all things have become new.

And then cometh the New Jerusalem;

and blessed are they who dwell therein, for it is they whose garments are white through the blood of the Lamb; and they are they who. . . .

. . . were scattered and gathered in from the four quarters of the earth, and from the north countries, and are partakers of the fulfilling of the covenant which God made with their father, Abraham (Ether 13:2 ff.).

Influence of The Book of Mormon

Here is a book which is considered to be divine scripture by only approximately one per cent of the population of the United States. Yet, it has influenced this small group of people so profoundly as to have changed the course of American history. It has become the religious persuader which has altered the lives of thousands of people all over the world and, as such, has caused many to leave their homes, sever their ties with loved ones, and adopt new ways of life, often in a strange land.

The grandeur of this volume was summed up beautifully by Elder Adam S. Bennion who said:

Hours spent with this book are hours spent with the Master and His holy prophets. They are hours which will bring to the reader an inspiration and an enrichment of spirit almost beyond comprehension. Indeed many readers declare that the reading of the Book of Mormon thrills them with a testimony of the truth, as the reading of no other book can. They enjoy the fulfillment of the promise of Moroni as he sealed up the records of Nephite history (*Gleaner Manual* 1932-1933, page 71).

Moroni declares:

And I seal up these records, after I have spoken a few words by way of exhortation unto you.

Behold, I would exhort you that when ye shall read these things, if it be wisdom in God that ye should read them, that

ye would remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam even down until the time that ye shall receive these things, and ponder it in your hearts.

And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost (Moroni 10:2-4).

Now that we have completed six years of study of The Book of Mormon, the real questions which confront us are:

1. What are we going to do about the wise and workable principles which this great book contains?
2. If we lack a testimony, do we have the faith and desire to put Moroni's promise to the test?
3. Have our testimonies really grown as a result of our study?

For those of us who can honestly give right answers to these questions, then this great book will have fulfilled its purpose in our lives. It will have brought peace and comfort to our souls and rich blessings into our lives, and we shall hope to be numbered among those of whom Alma speaks:

For the names of the righteous shall be written in the book of life, and unto them will I grant an inheritance at my right hand . . . (Alma 5:58).

Questions on the Lesson

1. Did the reading of The Book of Mormon increase your faith in God? Have some of the sisters express their feelings in this regard.
2. What characters in The Book of Mormon have been most impressive to you? Why?
3. What difference does it make whether we accept Jesus Christ as a great moral teacher or as the Only Begotten Son of God?

Visiting Teacher Messages— Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 48—"And When Ye Shall Receive These Things, I Would Exhort You That Ye Would Ask God, the Eternal Father, in the Name of Christ, If These Things Are Not True; and If Ye Shall Ask With a Sincere Heart, With Real Intent, Having Faith in Christ, He Will Manifest the Truth of It Unto You, by the Power of the Holy Ghost" (Moroni 10:4).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 7, 1957

Objective: To point out that Moroni's promise is certain of fulfillment if prescribed conditions are met.

THIS promise made by Moroni to all who will read The Book of Mormon is unique. No other book carries with it such a guarantee. It is an invitation to all the world to learn of the truthfulness of The

Book of Mormon and to test its validity. Thousands have made this test and proved the guarantee to be as purported. Yet some have read this sacred scripture and not received a testimony of its truth. Why? Because one or more of the conditions required in the promise was lacking. The heart may not have been truly sincere, the intent not real, or faith in Christ may have been weak, otherwise the result would have been to convince the investigator of the truth of The Book of Mormon given through the power of the Holy Ghost.

When a chemist makes an experiment in the laboratory, he knows that certain specifications are necessary. Each step must be followed precisely and each ingredient must be added in the required amount, or the desired result will not be obtained. But if every ingredient outlined in the formula is mixed as directed, then the result will always be successful. Moreover, no true student of science attempts an experiment without an unbiased, open attitude of mind.

So it is with the formula prescribed by Moroni to discover the truthfulness of The Book of Mor-

mon. This experiment calls for the exercise of faith as the book is read, the exercise of sincerity, and a great desire to know the truth, otherwise the Holy Ghost cannot operate in behalf of the one who reads it.

Some readers of The Book of Mormon promise to try the experiment, but they feel sure beforehand that it cannot possibly be true. And so they begin the experiment with doubt in their minds. This is not the right spirit of approach. Hope and faith and an open mind are necessary for all great discoveries, material as well as spiritual.

We who have read this divine book and already had the promise fulfilled, rejoice in our testimony. It rings true to our hearts and our minds, and we are indeed grateful for this "New Witness for Christ." With each rereading, the truths contained therein are made more plain, and one is persuaded to seek more diligently after the Lord.

It is quite fitting that we close this series of messages with this unique promise, which has been instrumental in bringing great numbers of souls to a knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Reunion

Eunice J. Miles

Your deep-blue eyes, pain-free and young,
 Alive with eagerness and laughter,
 Hold hope and wonder far beyond my knowing.
 We seem worlds apart!
 The years stretching between us
 Cannot be spanned by living speech.
 But when in childish grief,
 You quickly run sobbing into my arms,
 Then, in your tear-stained face,
 I see the tiny girl I used to be.

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 8—Summary

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, May 14, 1957

HOMEMAKERS never just “cook food,” they build boys and girls, physically and otherwise. They begin by planning meals that will nourish every part of the physical body. Meal planning is followed by the preparation of healthful foods in such a way that all the goodness nature has stored in them is preserved. Meals are served in an atmosphere of order, serenity, and perfect harmony, as the family surrounds the table to give thanks, and to partake of one of the rich blessings of life—food, which feeds both the body and the spirit.

If, as a result of this course of lessons, the horizon of each Relief Society sister has been broadened in some way, the objective of the lessons has been achieved.

In our competitive world of today, mealtime service must offer more satisfaction to active teenagers than a hamburger stand or soda pop fountain with some of the “gang.”

Some women qualify themselves as being good cooks on the basis of long experience in the kitchen. Experience, however, is not the best teacher unless it forces one to make repeated adjustments and changes and compels one to be alert for new ideas and ways of making progress. After the novelty wears off, experience, for most of us, is little more than mechanical performance. Be-

cause meals are planned and prepared and served so frequently, these tasks can easily fall into this category.

Briefly, let us review the yardstick for well-balanced meals and tastefully prepared foods. The secret of successful food combinations lies in the skillful use of contrast—contrast in flavor, texture, color, temperature, and concentration. Meals that measure up to these standards may be referred to as “Five Star Meals.”

Meat, an important food, must be cooked at moderate heat. Too high temperatures toughen the fibers, shrink the meat, extract the natural juices from it, and result in unattractive servings.

Soup is a food for summer and winter, peasant and prince, infants and the aged, the ill and the robust. It may be used as a delicate appetite tempter or a hearty appetite satisfier. There is a soup for every season, every appetite, and every age.

The application of a few basic principles in the preparation of fresh vegetables is the secret of the successful cooking of them. For maximum flavor, deep natural coloring, and highest nutritive value, select vegetables that are slightly immature and garden fresh. Cook them in a minimum amount of water as quickly as possible and only until they are just tender. They will still

be a little crisp. Slow, long-time cooking is the destroyer of color, flavor, and some nutrients. Therefore, the peak of goodness results when large vegetables such as carrots, parsnips, turnips, and cabbage are cut into small pieces and cooked in a kettle with a close fitting lid in just enough water to keep them from scorching.

While nature supplies most vegetables with about all the seasoning they need to tempt the appetite, a variety of seasoning such as cream sauce, grated cheese, herbs, and seasoned crumbs may be used to give variety to vegetable dishes. Use seasonings to add to, but never to mask the good natural flavor of the vegetable with which they are used.

Often we rely on salads to supply contrast in texture, color, and concentration to the menu, qualities so needed in a high percentage of meals. Because we eat fresh fruits and vegetable salads for their coolness and crispness, a cardinal rule is that the ingredients should be handled lightly and served while they are refrigerator cold and garden fresh. A sorry sight, indeed, is a wilted salad.

Cheese is one of the best friends a cook has. Grated and served over a bowl of hot soup, added to a cream sauce and served over meat

or vegetable dishes, used as the main ingredient in a soufflé, or as an accompaniment with a piece of apple pie, in countless combinations as a sandwich filling, or with crackers or fresh fruit as the last course of a sumptuous meal, it ranks as the most versatile of all foods. It is a favorite food for folks of nearly all ages, all nationalities, and all social groups.

There are few cooks who could not improve the acceptability of a meal, now and then, with the judicious use of casseroles and leftovers. While casseroles often are made of freshly prepared foods, they are also an ideal way to serve foods the family may be getting tired of, in new and interesting ways. Dishes made of leftovers can be family favorites, if prepared tastefully and seasoned rightly.

Along with the basic parts of family meals, are the less essential, but to many, important parts — beverages and desserts. It is important that these be planned to complete the rest of the menu and give balance to the whole.

If your refreshments are always truly refreshing, your time will be profitably spent and your status as an understanding hostess is sure to rise.

Star Dust

Vesta N. Lukei

If I could remember the earth is a star
Whirling through celestial space,
Then I might have more tolerance
Of dust on a small son's happy face.

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 8—Julius Caesar

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948)

For Tuesday, May 21, 1957

Objective: To realize that idealistic men of good will may destroy themselves in bold but imprudent attempts to destroy the evils they feel exist.

Men at some time are masters of their fates.
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

I. 2. 139-141

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

II.1. 61-69

Become what thou art. —Pindar

SINCE Julius Caesar is prefaced in our text by generous excerpts from Plutarch's *Lives of Brutus, Antonius, and Caesar*, the very material out of which Shakespeare composed his play, you may wish to see for yourself how faithfully greatness followed greatness. Plutarch is our greatest Greek biographer; and you may marvel how Shakespeare's art bestows immediacy and dramatic intensity to Plutarch's facts. Other than Shakespeare's addition of Caesar's murderers washing their hands and arms in his blood, Shakespeare adds very little factual incident to Plutarch's original. But what he does add is the fruit of an ordered, perceptive,

warming imagination, which so clearly reveals the difference between factual history and factual art. Each is valid in its own right. Shakespeare proves convincingly that the facts of art are not merely the facts of history warmed over.

Although Caesar himself speaks less than two hundred lines in the play, it is justly named. His presence pervades almost every action or thought in it, first in the lusts and ideals of those who conspire to destroy him; later in the minds of those who honor his departed greatness, and, finally, in the frustrated quarrellings of Brutus and Cassius who offer sharp contrast to the stable state they have just destroyed,

as well as to the ideal Rome Brutus had hoped for, but was never to realize.

Julius Caesar a Bridge

Although the play is known to have been written in 1599, placing it in time alone leaves other problems unsolved. Is it a history comparable to the nine historical plays Shakespeare had written preceding it? No; at least it is not an historical play only, since in *Julius Caesar*, Shakespeare is far more interested in the inward struggle within the characters and among them, than in outward events. If it is to be a tragedy, obviously it differs vastly from *Romeo and Juliet*, which is hardly true tragedy at all; neither does it contain the creative moral power of *Hamlet* or *King Lear*. Yet Brutus through his blindness, his confused idealism, and his growing assurance that he is always right, destroys himself in a manner not unrelated to tragedy. Predominantly, then, the play marks transition within both Shakespeare the sayer and Shakespeare the knower.

Style

While the overall structure of the play is loose and episodic, the style and tone are uniformly brilliant, even brittle. Often the language is clipped and sparse, almost journalistic in its effective condensation of truth into well-chosen lines and sentences. It has the simplicity and clarity which must account, in large measure, for its appeal to millions of people, an appeal which has never diminished from its first presentation. Perhaps Shakespeare's diction is so bare because he wanted to

catch the stern strength of republican Rome at her best. There is little poetry in the play, and, when we do find eloquence, it reminds us more of the professional debater or public-eye orator than of the poet. Again, the scarcity of poetry might be explained by the absence of many ideas in the play; predominantly it is concerned with political events and relationships. Yet the play's action is based on certain basic truths implied, rather than stated; namely, lust for personal power corrupts; good men may be blinded by flattery and cunning liars; it is evil to be so entranced with the dream of the ideal state that hasty, violent destruction of the present one seems justified.

From one point of view *Julius Caesar* is a series of speeches which might be delivered from a platform. Throughout the play occur many rhetorical questions, which always assume an audience:

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot
wheels? . . .

And do you now put on your best attire?
I. 1. 37-39, 53

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious? . . .
You will compel me then to read the
will? . . .

Shall I descend? And will you give me
leave?

III. 2. 95, 161, 164

Note also how many long passages of monosyllables occur throughout the play, not only in Antony's great oration. By such a device the speaker convinces his audience he is speaking simply, directly, entirely free from flowery artificiality:

And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did
shake.

I. 2. 120-121

... What's to do?

A piece of work that will make sick men
whole.

But are not some whole that we must
make sick?

II. 1. 326-328

'Tis good you know not that you are his
heirs,

For if you should, oh, what would come
of it!

III. 2. 150-151

The Fundamental Idea of the Play

As seen centered in the mind of Brutus, the resolution of the plot is ambiguous, and at war with itself. Noble Brutus has been convinced that, in order to preserve the glorious Roman State, Caesar must be destroyed. Brutus believes that the glory that was Rome's will no longer be glorious if deaf, superstitious, crotchety, petty, tyrannical Caesar is to serve as its symbol. To the end Brutus has righteous goals. As his enemy Antony said at the very end of the play, "This was the noblest Roman of them all. . . . Nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man'" (V. 5. 68, 74-75). But Brutus becomes so aware that he is virtuous and noble, that his awareness comes to obscure his real self. Increasingly he acts out a part, he becomes self-righteous until he becomes infected with the very disease he had hoped to stamp out by murdering Caesar.

Predominantly the play is one of destruction. Rome is destroyed, gentle Brutus is destroyed, companionship and trust are destroyed among husbands and wives and all

mankind. The play is one of bitterness and pain. We are not soothed by so gross a waste, so consuming a confession of motives and distrusts.

The play is loaded with omens, warnings, dreams, and portents, as if, suddenly, Shakespeare comes to believe that man's bewilderment here below may be, in large measure, avoided if he will listen to larger, deeper revelations of truth than his reason and senses alone can offer. "Beware the ides of March" is common to every schoolboy. Troubled Caesar paces at night, knowing that:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried
out,

"Help, ho! They murder Caesar!" . . .

II. 2. 2-3

Awakened, the troubled wife recounts evidence to her husband:

A lioness hath whelped in the streets.

And graves have yawned and yielded up
their dead. . . .

Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about
the streets.

O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

II. 2. 17-19, 23-26

Just before Caesar is murdered by the mob, the poet Cinna dreams that he feasts with Caesar. Most horrible is the appearance of Caesar's ghost to Brutus, first in his tent, then on the plains of Philippi just before his death.

Tempting as it may be to consider all such as indication of a determined universe in which man cannot escape his destiny, we must not forget that:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

I. 2. 140-141

Plot

Julius Caesar has returned to Rome in the year 44 B.C. backed by the power of his legions, he effects many reforms in the government, then is offered a crown which he refuses reluctantly. His old schoolmate Cassius fears that Caesar may become dictator; even more strong is Cassius' jealousy. He engineers a plot to kill Caesar for the protection of the State, and enlists Brutus, who reluctantly agrees to lead the plot, thus giving it the prestige it needs. Though Caesar is warned by his wife and others not to go to the Senate, he goes, partly because he has been led to believe he will be offered a crown. The conspirators gather around him and stab him, Brutus last. Against the advice of his fellows, Brutus permits Caesar's friend Antony to give a funeral oration over Caesar's body, thinking that if he himself speaks first, the populace will understand and approve the motives of the murderers. But Antony so skillfully inflames the citizens that riots break forth; and Brutus and the others flee for their lives.

Brutus and Cassius join forces in Asia Minor, and prepare to meet the attack of forces led by Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. When Brutus accuses Cassius of accepting bribes, they quarrel bitterly, a mood resulting in part from Brutus' recent knowledge that his noble wife Portia has just committed suicide by swallowing hot coals. Brutus and Cassius are reconciled and prepare for battle, but both feel their death is certain. Mistaking the shouts of joy of his own men for the cries of the enemy, Cassius

almost eagerly falls on his sword. Caesar's ghost appears again to Brutus, his men are cut off, and Brutus, too, falls on his sword, saying:

Caesar, now be still.

I killed not thee with half so good a will.
V. 5. 50-51

Famous Quotations

Though Caesar is old and in part corrupt, he is still the courageous soldier. When Calpurnia pleads with him to stay home and avoid death, he says:

Cowards die many times before their deaths,

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men
should fear,

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

II. 2. 32-37

And Brutus reminds Cassius that action postponed is less than useless:

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to
fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it
serves,
Or lose our ventures.

IV. 3. 218-24

The greatest lines in the play are contained in Antony's funeral oration in Act III, Scene 2. These lines deserve to be read to the class as fully as time permits. After Brutus' speech, couched in balanced sentences, flowery words, but so halting and hollow as to betray to the Roman citizenry how little of his

heart is in the assassination of Caesar, Antony's biting words take on even sharper edge. Note the crescendo of irony which he builds into his phrase, "For Brutus is an honorable man," and how carefully he teases, hints, implies, until the good Romans feel they have been robbed of their rightful, noble leader:

. . . The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to
Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar
hath wept—
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this
ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without
cause.
What cause witholds you then to mourn
for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear
with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with
Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
III. 2. 82-112

Against such telling knife-thrusts into the Romans' memories and emotions, poor, confused Brutus is

helpless. And when, inciting the crowd to force him to read Caesar's will, Antony begins:

If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

III. 2. 173

He fulfills his own vow made over Caesar's body preceding the funeral when he said:

Woe to the hand that shed this costly
blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their
ruby lips

To beg the voice and utterance of my
tongue. . . .

III. 1. 258-261

Anthony is obviously the hero, Brutus the victim both of himself and of others, while the villain's role has been pre-cut for Cassius. It is he who is the dedicated. With cold precision he invades the soul of Brutus; it is he who exploits Brutus' sense of destiny until Brutus agrees to lead the group against usurping Caesar. In the most vigorous scene in the play—the quarrel between Cassius and Brutus in Brutus' tent—Cassius is fiery and sharp, but it is the unstrung Brutus who most fully loses control of his temper.

Both Portia and Calpurnia have roles of great importance, even though they are not long on the stage. Brutus speaks no line more sincerely than his prayer:

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

II. 1. 303-304

With complete justice she refers to herself as "yourself, your half," (II. 1. 274) and Brutus knows it well. Theirs is one of the strongest

conjugal relations in all of Shakespeare. Brutus knows her strength and fairness, and gives her the respect she deserves, in addition to his love. When Brutus reminds her that she shouldn't kneel to him, she answers:

I should not need if you were gentle
Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me,
Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your
bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but
in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
II. 1. 279-287

Likewise, Calpurnia reminds Caesar that her highest wifely function is to share with him his every trouble, and to sustain him with womanly intuitions and promptings which draw upon depths beyond the reach or patience of most men. She tempers Caesar's vanity and ambition, just as Portia balances Brutus' growing rigidity and belief in his own infallibility. It is Portia who best knows the man Brutus could have been; no wonder she symbolizes her grief by killing herself in so spectacular a fashion. No wonder that the heart goes from Brutus' life when he learns of her death.

The slow degradation of Brutus lies at the heart of this play. Though he always deserves our esteem because of his lofty goals, we wince to hear him claim that every man who has ever been in his presence has been true to him; that "no man bears sorrow better." We realize how far he is false to him-

self, how fully he puts on an act when news is brought him of Portia's death after he has already discovered the fact. Even Cassius stands amazed at his calm, unresponsive reaction. When Messala says she is dead, Brutus replies:

Why, farewell, Portia. We must
die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die
once
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes: Even so great men great losses
should endure.
Cas: I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear
it so.
Bru: Well, to our work alive. - What do
you think
Of marching to Phillippi presently?
IV. 3. 190-197

Already we have seen how fully Brutus confesses "the phantasma of hideous dream" which he feels between thinking and doing a dreadful act. Actually Brutus is the most sensitive of persons, as we see in the final act when he treats the boy-musician Lucius with such understanding gentleness, then refuses to disturb his sleep, so tired is he. Significantly it is Brutus who is the last of the conspirators to stab Caesar; in return Caesar's dying words, "*Et tu, Brute?*" (III. 1. 77). Likewise, when plotting Caesar's death, it is Brutus who laments the need to spill blood at all, and, true to his real self, advises the paradoxical action of killing Caesar as gently as possible:

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius. . . .
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers,
Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of
Caesar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood.

Oh, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully.
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

II. 1. 162, 166-174

Thus we know with increased understanding Brutus' inner conflict. He seeks goodness and right, as all men do, but, sensitive to pain and tyranny he forsakes his own best instincts and believes that the only way to triumph in the world is to fight force with force. And, in

thus being untrue to his better self, Brutus begins his own end. Though he merits our compassion, we suffer at his loss of direction and balance. How sad to see men of such good intent become lost! Here tragedy lies very near the surface; here reality lies hard upon us all.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. How does a play differ from history?
2. While Brutus failed to move the crowd, why was Antony so successful?
3. Why is the language of this play so spare and simple? Why so little poetry?
4. How does the spirit of Caesar finally triumph?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 7—"Be Ye Therefore Perfect"

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, May 28, 1957

Objective: To suggest the importance of acquiring desirable qualities and to show the blessings in store for those who love the Lord.

THE Prophet Joseph Smith was well prepared to teach the Latter-day Saint women about God and his attributes. By 1842, when he organized and instructed the Relief Society, although a young man of thirty-six years, the Prophet had experienced a closeness to God such as few other prophets who ever lived. After a vision in the Kirtland Temple he recorded the following:

And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives!

For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice

bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father (D. & C. 76:22-23).

The Prophet knew whereof he spoke, then, when he said:

If you wish to go where God is, you must be like God, or possess the principles which God possesses, for if we are not drawing towards God in principle, we are going from Him and drawing towards the devil (D. H. C. IV, page 588).

Thus, in capsule form, the Prophet summarized a great principle of perfection. This goal is neither quickly nor easily attained, but any effort to emulate God will reap bounteous blessings.

As we fashion our lives we experience what is possibly the greatest

blessing bestowed generally upon all men, i. e., freedom of thought, and its product, freedom of decision. "Where there is a mountain top there is also a valley" (*Ibid.*, V, page 20), the Prophet once informed the Relief Society. Between the mountain and valley, good and evil, or any extremes, lie grades and degrees, and it is up to us, individually, as we face life's problems, to consider and decide where we shall be. One writer in *The Book of Mormon* put it this way:

Wherefore, men are free according to the flesh; and all things are given them which are expedient unto man. And they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil; for he seeketh that all men might be miserable like unto himself (2 Nephi 2:27).

The power of the gospel lies in its ability to influence people to good works through the force of ideas and the pull of perfection and salvation, rather than by compulsion. The Prophet, while warning the women against error, primarily stressed the positive. Over and over again, both to the Relief Society and to the Church generally, the Prophet urged the saints to seek and develop the godlike virtues. "Is not God good?" he asked. "Then you be good; if He is faithful, then you be faithful. Add to your faith virtue, to virtue knowledge, and seek for every good thing" (*D. H. C.*, IV, page 588).

The Prophet once commented: "I am like a huge, rough stone rolling down from a high mountain."

We are all "rough stones" in a sense, waiting to be polished. Each

of us, guided by the available light and knowledge, can become "a smooth and polished shaft in the quiver of the Almighty" (*Ibid.*, V, page 401). Now let us consider a few of the affirmative traits which Joseph Smith urged the women to acquire.

Charity

At one of the Relief Society meetings the Prophet attended, he read from the 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians as follows:

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal (*Ibid.*, IV, page 606).

He then cited the lack of charity in the world as an evidence of the limited knowledge of the principles of godliness. "The power and glory of godliness," he said, "is spread out on a broad principle to throw out the mantle of charity. God does not look on sin with allowance, but when men have sinned, there must be allowance made for them" (*Ibid.*, V, page 24). To be charitable does not mean we endorse the faults and failings of others, primarily it suggests not judging others.

Tolerance

"You must enlarge your souls towards each other," the Prophet said. "Don't be limited in your views with regard to your neighbor's virtue, but beware of self-righteousness, and be limited in the estimate of your own virtues, and not think yourselves more righteous than others." "Bear with each other's failings," he urged, "as an indulgent parent bears with the foibles of his children" (*Ibid.*, IV, page 606).

The ability to endure, without criticism, the beliefs, practices, or habits differing from one's own, represents a desirable trait which should be sought by all who desire perfection.

Mercy

Addressing the Relief Society on one occasion, the Prophet said he was going to preach mercy. He posed a question: "Suppose that Jesus Christ and holy angels should object to us on frivolous things, what would become of us?" He answered his question by saying, "We must be merciful to one another, and overlook small things" (*Ibid.*, V, page 23).

Mercy implies compassion enough to forbear punishment or criticism of those who warrant it. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers," he advised. "God will see to it" (*Ibid.*, V, page 21). "The nearer we get to our Heavenly Father," the Prophet said, "the more we are disposed to look with compassion on perishing souls; we feel that we want to take them upon our shoulders, and cast their sins behind our backs." When he talked of mercy he emphasized that his talk was "intended for all this society; if you would have God have mercy on you, have mercy on one another" (*Ibid.*, V, page 24).

Forgiveness

Charity, tolerance, mercy, forgiveness, all and each suggest a similar state of mind. If we truly forgive, we banish from our hearts the resentments we have against the acts and omissions of others. Once the Prophet indicated he had been instrumental in bringing iniquity to

light. "It was a melancholy thought," he said, "and awful that so many should place themselves under the condemnation of the devil, and going to perdition. With deep feeling he said that they are fellow mortals, we loved them once, shall we not encourage them to reformation? We have not [yet] forgiven them seventy times seven, as our Savior directed; perhaps we have not forgiven them once. There is now a day of salvation to such as repent and reform" (*Ibid.*, V, pp. 19-20).

Kindness

The Prophet told the women that by the influence of kindness they could sanctify and cleanse from all unrighteousness those who repent. The love of tenderness, he observed, had great power over the mind, and actions of all persons.

Prayer

The Prophet made a promise in the name of the Lord, saying "that that soul who has righteousness enough to ask God in the secret place for life, every day of their lives, shall live to three score years and ten" (*Ibid.*, page 24). It is an interesting observation that most of the knowledge revealed to the Prophet Joseph came after he had sought his Heavenly Father in prayer.

The Prophet pointed out on August 31, 1842, the efficacy of the prayers in his behalf and expressed gratitude to the Relief Society for their prayers:

Inasmuch as the Lord Almighty has preserved me until today, He will continue to preserve me, by the united faith and prayers of the Saints, until I have

fully accomplished my mission in this life, and so firmly established the dispensation of the fullness of the priesthood in the last days, that all the powers of earth and hell can never prevail against it . . . God loves you, and your prayers in my behalf shall avail much: let them not cease to ascend to God continually in my behalf (*Ibid.*, V, pp. 139-141).

During this same meeting "President Smith . . . addressed the throne of grace in fervent prayer," the minutes read. In an earlier meeting, the Prophet advised the sisters:

. . . always to concentrate their faith and prayers for, and place confidence in their husbands, whom God has appointed for them to honor, and in those faithful men whom God has placed at the head of the Church to lead His people, that we should arm and sustain them with our prayers (*Ibid.*, IV, pp. 604-605).

Knowledge

One of the Prophet's great sermons was preached in the Grove to the Church at Nauvoo on April 3, 1842. In prefacing his remarks he said, "I shall speak with authority of the Priesthood in the name of the Lord God." After discussing civil influence he then made this profound statement, as found in the Journal of Wilford Woodruff:

A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge, for if he does not get knowledge, he will be brought into captivity by some evil power in the other world, as evil spirits will have more knowledge, and consequently more power than many men who are on the earth (*Ibid.*, IV, 588).

Virtue

In the early days of the Relief Society the Prophet said the Society should be careful of its membership; that it should be a select group of the "virtuous" and "those who would walk circumspectly." The

privileges and blessings of the Priesthood, the Prophet suggested, followed a *virtuous life and diligence in keeping the commandments*.

Blessings

The Prophet did not stop with urging the women to take upon themselves sterling qualities. He went on to tell them of the blessings that could be expected from Relief Society membership and from applying his teachings of the gospel in their lives.

Each Latter-day Saint woman has been promised "Keep my commandments continually, and a crown of righteousness thou shalt receive" (D. & C. 25:15). When the Relief Society was organized the Prophet said:

And now I turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth . . . (D. H. C. IV, page 607).

The women of the Church can testify to the fulfillment of this prophecy. Since that time the blessings of Latter-day Saint women have been continuous. These women are blessed as no other women were ever blessed. In this organization Relief Society members have the privilege of working under the authority of the Holy Priesthood, of learning of God and his ways, of sharing precious testimonies with one another. Together they grow as wives, as mothers, as homemakers, and as children of God. The blessings of mothers in Zion are meaningful and opportunity-laden.

"If this Society listen to the counsel of the Almighty, through the heads of the Church," promised

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..... COME UNTO HIM—Handel.....	.20
..... ETERNAL LIFE—Dungan	.20
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..... IN THY FORM—Madsen	.20
..... KING OF GLORY—Parks	.20
..... LORD, WE DEDICATE THIS HOUSE TO THEE—Madsen	.20
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..... THANKS BE TO GOD—Dickson	.16

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the Prophet, "they shall have power to command queens in their midst" (*Ibid.*, IV, page 605).

Latter-day Saint women have been blessed with leadership qualities unequalled by their sisters who are not members of the Church. This is realized by those who have opportunities to observe both groups in leadership capacities.

One choice blessing is found in the association of the young women with members of long standing. To this association the young woman brings her youth, her dreams, and her problems and partakes of the seasoned experience of her more mature sisters. She eagerly absorbs the faith and testimony and wisdom of these older women.

All Relief Society members who give of themselves in service learn that while the objects of their charity receive benefit, they, the givers, receive the most.

Eliza R. Snow, the poetess, wrote in her poem "Evening Thoughts":

... to be a Saint requires
A noble sacrifice, an arduous toil,
A persevering aim; the great reward
Awaiting the grand consummation will
Repay the price, however costly; and
The pathway of the Saint, the safest path
will prove.

This same Eliza R. Snow, who at one time headed all three of the Church auxiliaries to which women are called, wrote of the blessings of our women as follows:

The Latter-day Saint women . . . occupy a more important position than is occupied by any other women on the earth . . . Who can fully appreciate our blessings; and who is capable of realizing the weight of the responsibilities resting upon us. Where much is given, much is required.

Of greater worth than all the rest
 re blessings of perfection, salvation,
 and exaltation in the kingdom of
 heaven. Each and all these are
 available to those who earn them.
 said the Prophet to the women:

If you live up to these principles, how
 great and glorious will be your reward in
 the celestial kingdom! If you live up to
 your privileges, the angels cannot be re-
 strained from being your associates. Fe-
 males, if they are pure and innocent, can
 come in the presence of God; for what
 more pleasing to God than innocence;
 you must be innocent, or you cannot
 come up before God: if we would come
 before God, we must keep ourselves pure,
 He is pure (D. H. C. IV, page 605).

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Questions for Discussion

1. Why is the principle of free agency
 so important?
2. Why was the Prophet in a unique
 position to discuss attributes of the Lord
 which we should emulate?
3. Discuss the specific virtues the Prophe-
 t commended to the women of the
 Church. How may they strengthen the
 Relief Society organization?
4. Discuss: "If we are not drawing to-
 wards God in principle we are going from
 Him and drawing towards the devil."
5. What are the blessings associated
 with Relief Society membership? With
 keeping all the commandments?

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Winter Notwithstanding

Lael W. Hill

Snow whirls whitely down the street;
 My heart dissolves it there,
 And all the people that I meet
 Have roses in their hair.

Winter threads a frosty loom;
 My heart weaves words of spring,
 And out through February gloom
 I hear a field-lark sing.

Oh, blithe am I, and summer gay,
 And weeks of wind and storm
 Have not the power to chill this day;
 Love keeps my world so warm!

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Boy

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

You will find him there
In the golden light,
Making talk with the wind
And a paper kite;

Or building a house
In the apple tree
With a "keep out" sign
Where the door should be;

Or look for him
In a pirate's den,
The boy of nine
Going on ten,

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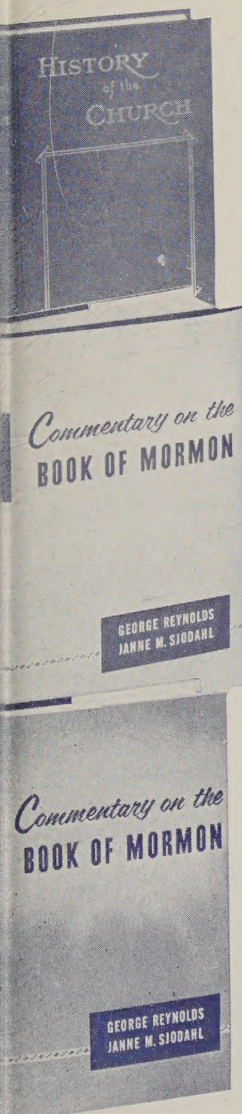
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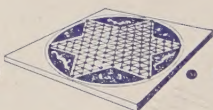
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